

WEEKLY

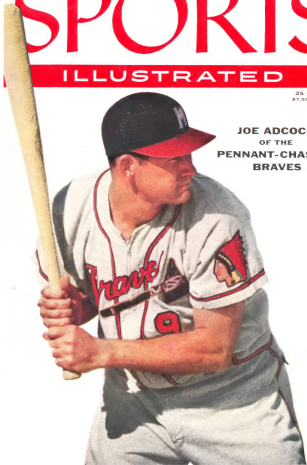
JULY 30, 1956

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR

**JOE ADCOCK
OF THE
PENNANT-CHASING
BRAVES**



Leading designers
agree that

THE FLIGHT-SWEEP

is the car style trend
of the future!



PLYMOUTH BELVEDERE • DODGE SPORT SEDAN HARDTOP

*"This is the direction all car design
should ultimately go."*

*Yost Jansen, head designer, Buick-Mobility,
Miss Tinsley and "K-car"*

*"The Flight-Sweep is the freshest approach yet
in the evolution of car design."*

*Edward F. Weissen, Chief Designer,
Douglas DC-4 Jet Transport*

"The Flight-Sweep looks like modern."

*Mr. Cooper, cited with a
patent of the future!"*
Dana Fugate, fashion designer

All over America there is increasing acceptance of THE FLIGHT-SWEEP, the exclusive design of the 1956 cars of Chrysler Corporation. People agree that the long, low aerodynamic lines from headlight to the smartly spewed tail make this the car design that

others must follow in the years to come.

Leading designers in many fields, such as those above, back up this judgment. These experts find THE FLIGHT-SWEEP appealing in its expression of modern living . . . youthful, dynamic. And

it has a generous touch of the future!

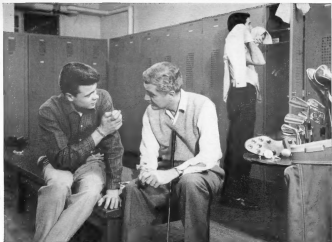
See and drive the 1956 Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler or Imperial. No other cars offer so much in style, in driving ease, in performance, in value . . . and offer it to you first!

CHRYSLER CORPORATION



THE FORWARD LOOK

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL



Which Spalding golf ball is best for your game?

These Spalding golf balls are all top performers on the course. If you're a power hitter, a scratch golfer or have just taken your first lesson—the ball that's best for your game is here. Only your golf professional carries all these Spalding balls.



The new DOW is made to give maximum distance for the long-hitting golfer. The revolutionary *THRU-TURN* cover of this long-distance ball keeps the DOW uncut, unscruffed and perfectly round far longer. DOWs are priced at \$14.75 a dozen or 3 for \$3.75.



Spalding's tough, TRU-FLITE balls are made for rugged play. Their extra-strong cover takes far more punishment than any ordinary top-quality golf ball... yet gives the maximum in long-distance performance. Priced at \$14.75 a dozen or 3 for \$3.75.



The popular-priced PAR-FLITE gives an unbeatable combination of playability and durability. Its tough, resilient cover makes the PAR-FLITE ball an outstanding performer for a long service life. PAR-FLITES are priced at \$11.40 a dozen or 3 for \$2.85.



Spalding's economy-priced, long-lasting ball is the popular TRU-FLITE golf ball. Like all other Spalding balls, it's made with True-Tension winding for a longer, more active game. Your golf professional has these TRU-FLITES at \$9.00 a dozen or 3 for \$2.25.

Play Spalding clubs and balls—golf's most winning combination



SPALDING
SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS



Men on the go

go for **Jockey**[®] UNDERWEAR



made only by *Coopers*[®]

His deeds, not his words, are the tip-off on the man on the go. He's going places, and going in style—with Jockey brand underwear.

You know him; you may even be the man. In which case, Jockey briefs are the shorts for you. They're built for the modern man who likes his shorts smooth-fitting and comfortable. They can't gap, bind, twist or pinch—whether you sit, stand, walk or run. Jockey briefs are the most widely—and least successfully—imitated shorts in the world, for men on the go know they're in a class by themselves for comfort and fit.



88 Years of Leadership



Known the world over by this symbol: Jockey's, Incorporated—BOSTON, MASS. Licensed and authorized agents: Canada: J. R. Woods Company, Ltd.; Australia: Sydney Knitting Mills; British Isles: John S. Scott, New Zealand: Lane, Walker & Neill; Netherlands: Vermeulen, Reuse; Thailand: Columbia Textiles, Siam: Sany; South America: Toot, South Africa: Brown & Loebe; Germany: Vötsch; Austria: Josef Huber's Erben; Belgium: Dubois Sport & Color Company; Mexico: Roldan, S.A.; Puerto Rico: WPA.



Matching Jockey undershorts are tailored longer in back to keep them in place, shorter in front to avoid bulkiness. Long wearing, highly comfortable.

**COVER: JOE ADCOCK**

Photograph by Morris Newman

Advertisement on page 11

All rights reserved under
International and Pan American
Copyright Conventions.
Copyright © 1956 by Time Inc.

In his six major league years, Joe Adcock has known moments of baseball glory that come to few players in a lifetime. This season his spectacular power hitting has given authenticity to the annual pennant fever which has been haunting Milwaukee fans since 1953. For a report on Milwaukee's Man and his supporting cast of five Golden Arms, turn to page 8.

ARMS (FIVE) AND THE MAN

Five starting pitchers and a power hitter make the Braves pennant favorites. By ROY TERRELL

8

SPECTACLE: NERVE TEST ON THE NEEDLES

Intrepid Alpine climbers scale the near-vertical rock spires of Jomol Chomola. Photographed in Color

12

CONVERSATION PIECE: A MANAGER AND HIS FIGHTER

In a rare and illuminating interview, ROBERT H. BOYLE penetrates the shadowy world of fighter and manager on a day observed by a host. Illustrated by RUSSELL HOBAN

28

UNCLE LOU'S DREAM BOAT

Oibson Lou Maroon fished for 80 years, then built the perfect deep-sea cruiser. With detail drawings

52

THE DEPARTMENTS

- **EVENTS & DISCOVERIES** 17
- **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT** 21
- **SCOREBOARD** 33
- **COMING EVENTS** 34
- **THE OUTDOOR WEEK** 38
- **THE 19TH HOLE** 42
- **PAT ON THE BACK** 45

- **Hotbox:** JOEY JEMAL asks: What is the appeal of the sports car and what is its future in the U.S.? 4
- **Tip from the Top:** Ed OLIVER discusses ways chunky golfers can avoid a flat swing 35
- **Tennis:** WILLIAM F. TALBERT looks at the Davis Cup picture and finds no soft path to Adelaide 36
- **Horse Racing:** HUMPHREY S. FINNEY accompanies a high-priced stallion on his trip from Ireland to the U.S., and JACK OLSEN reports on racing in the Midwest and the Arlington Futurity 38
- **Horses:** ALICE HIGGINS describes the versatile Morgan. COLOR photographs by RICHARD MEEK 44
- **Sports of the Presidents:** RUTH E. RILEY relates how honest wrestler Abe Lincoln threw all comers except one 44

**IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE****PART I: THE COLLEGE FOOTBALL SCANDALS**

For nearly a year revelations of illegal recruiting and payment of football players have rocked U.S. schools. Now, after a two-month survey of commissioners, presidents and coaches, Herman Hickman analyzes the practices that threaten to kill a great game and—in Part II a week later—proposes solutions

HOTBOX



The Question:

What is the appeal of the sports car and what is its future in American life?

A. E. BIRT



*President
Rambler Automobile
Corp.*

Special features like distinctive design, high performance, durability and ease of handling, which are basic in MGA and Austin-Healey, appeal to Americans who prefer to drive rather than ride in a motorcar. Sales will continue to increase over the years as more Americans test our cars.

TOM CASE



*Thunderbird planning
manager
Ford Motor Co.*

The sports car makes you feel young and is fun to drive, particularly when performance is combined with comfort and power accessories. Ford's success with the Thunderbird proves there is a market for a highly styled personal car that has superior performance and handling ability.

SIR WILLIAM LYONS



*Chairman and
managing director
Jaguar Cars, Ltd.*

They have a variety of appeals. Some so admire the dashing lines that they almost feel they are "wearing" it at the wheel. Others revel in the virile performance. So many Americans are buying them as their second vehicle that sports cars will occupy an important role in the American scene.

THOMAS H. KEATING



*Group executive
General Motors*

It's a new adventure in motoring, in pioneering the American sports car. Corvette proves that the spirit of adventure still exists. The sports car is a serious form of transportation, just as the roadster of the 1920s and the convertible of today. It's the roadster way of going places.

J. L. UNSKIP



*Rolls-Royce and
Bentley distributor
in the U.S.*

First, eye appeal. Second, a superior driving experience. The sports car takes corners and does a lot of things no other vehicle does. Once you've experienced this drive, you must have it. Eventually, this type of car will be as popular in America as it is in Europe now.

HAROLD E. CHURCHILL



*General manager
Studebaker Division
Studebaker-Packard*

Key to widespread ownership is in making available family-size sports cars with a back and front seat that will carry five passengers, like the Black. We see a rapidly advancing number of purchasers. Soon, all the major automobile producers will present a choice in this field.

CHARLES BUCHET DU CAUMET



*Citroën distributor
Paris and New York*

In America, the stock car is becoming a necessity, a part of daily living. One wants to get out of his habits and buy something different. The sports car gives a feeling of real ownership just as automobiles did when few families owned them. That's the appeal.

S. H. ARNOLD



*President
S. H. Arnold Ltd.*

Its appeal lies in meticulous workmanship, excellent roadability, more performance per horsepower and distinctiveness, which attract discriminating buyers. Although the sports car won't supplant the conventional automobile, it is here to stay; and its sales and popularity will increase.

SIR WILLIAM ROOTES



*Board chairman
Rootes Motors*

The appeal is similar to the horse appeal for the smart set. There are two sports cars, the contracting car and the tearing car with sports car performance. The first appeals to young blood—university men and sporting girls; the second, to older men like me. We've barely touched the market.

ROBERT LAMARSON



*Export manager
Astonish*

The appeal is for the nonconformist. People may call him a mob, but it's not that. He needs excitement. He wants to get out of that blue serge suit. This also applies to women. The future of the sports car in America rests with them. They are buying more sports cars every year.

M. E. HOFFMAN



*Distributor
Perche*

The appeal is in its sports appearance, ease of handling, performance and reliability. The future? I started the sports car business in America and have watched it grow to where I have 499 dealers. It's no longer a question of selling; it's getting enough cars to meet the demand.

W. J. H. WARREN



*Director of export sales
Standard Triumph
Motor*

It's not just rolling, as is big cars. You are restoring again. The appeal is much greater than American real-estate. Every mile is a real thrill. Executives try sports cars and become avid fans. The American car potential is 56,000,000 units. Whatever we see in this market we will reap.

HARRIET EMERSON



Covered station

When you're built Texas size like I am, you want comfort. A friend tried to impress me with his new sports car. I sat on the end of my spine with my skin resting on my knees. Not only did I look foolish but my spine took a beating. I'll take the family Ford or Chevy any time.

NEXT WEEK:

What is the most unusual sport you've seen in your travels around the world? (Asked of members of the Circumnavigators Club.)

How to avoid "feather-duster hair"



New greaseless way to keep your hair neat all day

Heading for a greaseless hair tonic?

Vitalis tones wild hair with V-7, the unique greasing discovery that's not mineral, vegetable or animal oil. You never have an unsightly, over-slick, plastered-down look.

And Vitalis protects you handsomely from hair and scalp dryness. Try new Vitalis—you'll like it. (And so will your mate.)

VITALIS® HAIR TONIC WITH V-7.

MADE IN THE U.S.A. BY VITALIS, INC.



© TUBORG BREWERY INC. COPENHAGEN, DENMARK - U. S. Representatives, Tuborg, Inc., 35 West Street, New York 6, N. Y.

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATION

Editor-in-Chief Henry K. Laine
President Roy E. Larson

Managing Editor Sidney L. James

Assistant Managing Editors Richard W. Johnston
..... Andre Lapierre
..... John Tibby

Associate Editors

James Smiley (Art Director), Percy Knauth (Articles), Robert Cooney, Andrew Croftan, Gerald Hayland, Martin Kane, Paul O'Neil, Fred Smith, Whitney Young, Herbert Warren Wind, Horton Wood, Alfred Wright.

Staff Writers

Eva Brown, Alice Higgins, Marvin Hyman, Colin Penney, Elaine St. Maer, Dorothy Stad, Jeremiah Tux, Ray Terrell, Barnold Wells, Jo Abner Zell.

Photographer

PATRICK ESTEROS Gerald Astor, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER Richard Meek, Irv Berlin, John G. Zimmerman, ASSISTANTS Betty Disk, Dorothy Marx, Ben Schultz.

Reporters

Homer Fitzpatrick (Chief), Paul Abrahamson, Horriet Alexander, Betty Breida, Geoffrey R. Brown, Virginia Kraft, Morton Lund, Richard Phelan, Gilbert Hagis, Kenneth Kelson, Mary Snow, Nick Thurnsack, Lester Woodcock.

Special Contributors

Robert Butler Jr., Herman Hickman, Harry Jenson, Victor Kalman, Bill Madden, John O'Beary, Charles Preston, Buck Schulberg, H. Allen Smith, Suzanne Suttell, William F. Telford, Jerome Waldman, Ed Zera.

Assistant to the Managing Editor

Henry J. Romney

Editorial Assistants

Sherry Kane, Eleanor Minowick, Marion Sharrick.

Administrative Assistant

Maxwell Harris

Production

Arthur L. Brawley (Chief), Beatrice Gottlieb, Tony Gasko, Betty De Mottan, Helen Taylor.

Layout

Alfred Bagnat (Chief), William Bernstein, Harvey Grel, Martin Nathan.

U.S. & Foreign Bureaus

Newspapers: Earl Barton, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Boston, Dallas, Houston, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Denver, Montreal, Toronto, London, New York, Paris, Rome, Bonn, Madrid, Johannesburg, Bombay, New Delhi, Singapore, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Mexico City, Guatemala City, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires (Editorial Correspondent), Chief of Correspondents.

Publisher H. H. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director William W. Helman



PENNSYLVANIA

takes to the water
with the famous Mares line

The world-famous Pennsylvania Mares line of underwater swim equipment is now available in this country through Pennsylvania Athletic Products. Featuring a full selection of fins, masks, snorkels, and spear guns the Mares line is equal to the most exacting and underwater conditions. Every item is designed for speed, safety and extreme maneuverability. Look for the name "Mares" at your favorite sporting goods dealer.

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
PENNSYLVANIA ATHLETIC PRODUCTS DIVISION • AERON, OHIO



Never Carry More Cash Than You Can Afford to Lose



You can't lose if you carry AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES



- Prompt refund if lost or stolen.
- Accepted everywhere—easy to spend as cash.
- Good until used—no time limit.
- Buy them at your bank, at Railway Express and Western Union offices. Charge—only 1%.

Always insist on American Express Travelers Cheques

Subscription Rates: To the U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions except Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr. \$7.50. All-specified editions to Alaska and Hawaii, 1 yr. \$15.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr., \$14.00. Please address all correspondence concerning subscriptions and advertising requests to: BUREAU OF CIRCULATION, 5 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y., and all subscription correspondence to: BUREAU OF CIRCULATION, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please enter magazine and specify address (print from a recent issue, or state clearly new magazine is addressed. Change cannot be made without old as well as new address, including postal zone number. State list, also publications Title, Year, Publication, Accession Number, Foreign and Home & Born, Christmas, Maxine T. Moore, President, Roy E. Larson, Executive Vice President, Richard Meek, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Sullivan, Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Brumby, Vice President, Bernard Barnes, Alan Green, Andrew Reichel, C. D. Seaton, J. Edward King, James A. Linn, Hugh D. Pease, Jr., P. J. Pottier, Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Arnold W. Carlson.



LEW BURDETTE: WON 12, LOST 4, ERA 3.52



BOB BUHL: WON 12, LOST 4, ERA 3.52



WARREN SPANH: WON 7, LOST 7, ERA 3.77

JULY 30, 1956
SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

ARMS (FIVE) AND

The Milwaukee Braves have the finest quintet of starting pitchers. Now Joe Adcock is on a hitting spree and pennant prospects look rosy indeed

THE YEAR MAY be 1956 or it may be 1866 but, if you are a baseball manager, the routine rarely varies. You watch your team come off the field after a game, and then, win or lose, you go home at night and pray for more pitching. Sometimes, of course, you pray for more pitching even before you go home. For whoever you are, even if you are Casey Stengel and your Yankees have the pennant almost wrapped up and tucked away by midseason, you never have enough of that one priceless commodity: the guy who can throw a baseball that other guys cannot hit.

Unless, of course, you happen to be Fred Haney of the 1936 Milwaukee Braves, whereupon the routine varies to this extent: you watch your team come off the field after a game, and then, win or lose, you go home at night and pray for more hitting.

"The pitching," says Haney, "I got."

In midsummer of 1956 the best pitching staff in baseball no longer consists of people with famous names like Lemo and Wynne, Garcia and Score and Narlski, but, instead, of people with the sometimes rather obscure names of

Burdette and Buhl, Conley and Crone and Spahn. With some recent spectacular help from Joe Adcock, Hank Aaron and the other heavy Braves bats, Haney's Big Five has pitched Milwaukee smack into the forefront of the frantic scramble which goes by the name of National League pennant race and made the Braves, in the words of those who know baseball best, the team to beat.

"Pitching," says Manager Birdie Tebbetts of the second-place Cincinnati Redlegs, "will be the key to the pennant, and the Braves have both quantity and quality . . . pitching that could win 15 games in a row."

"With Conley ready to go," says Manager Walter Alton of the third-place Brooklyn Dodgers, "the Braves are definitely the ones we have to worry about."

To all of which Fred Girard Haney merely grins and shrugs and admits the pitching looks good. "But," he was until recently wont to admit, "if only we were hitting a little bit, this club could be out in front by five or six games. And I'd get a good night's sleep."

Even so, the little red-faced Irish-

man has probably spent fewer sleepless nights than he anticipated when he took over the floundering Braves from no-longer-Jolly Cholly Grimm on the morning of June 17. For one thing, Haney's previous experiences as a big league manager had done nothing to indicate that the midway point of any campaign was a time for sheer joy. In six years of managing the old St. Louis Browns and the new Pittsburgh Pirates—perhaps major league teams by definition only—Haney achieved the rare distinction of never finishing higher than sixth, and on four occasions he finished in the cellar. For another, despite Owner Lou Perini's pennance boast that "This is a club that should win the pennant," someone had evidently forgotten to tell the Braves themselves. They started off well enough and actually were in first place, although only by the slenderest of margins, through most of the months of April and May. But then came a disastrous streak in which the Braves lost 10 of 15 games at home, two more on the road and plummeted all the way down to fifth place, four full games behind



HAY (CRANE) WON 5, LOST 3, ERA .117

THE MAN

by ROY TERRELL

the startling young Pittsburgh Pirates. It was then that Haney was elevated from the coaching ranks to succeed his old friend Grimm and headed a ball club which was supposed to win Milwaukee's first pennant but had, in some way, managed to get headed in the opposite direction. At this point the prospects of Fred Haney's catching up on his sleep were pretty dim.

But almost immediately the new Milwaukee manager might have indulged in all the well-earned slumber his heart could crave—had he not felt it necessary to remain awake and pitch himself at regular intervals just to be sure he wasn't asleep and dreaming after all. For the Braves began to win. The pitching, which had been carrying all the load, began to get even better, and at least two of the Milwaukee batesmen, Hank Aaron and Joe Adcock, began to connect with something resembling regularity. In a period of only four days the club was back in first place, and it was 11 games later before they finally lost one at all, a string of events which not only made Fred

continued on next page



GENE CONLEY: Won 4, lost 6; ERA 4.38 "... Haney get the pitcher feeling he might reach right out and hand the ball to the catcher without even throwing it."

MILWAUKEE BRAVES

continued from page 9

Haney's 1958 managerial debut a roaring success but also gave the Braves the longest winning streak of the year in the National League and the longest in Milwaukee's entire major league history. And since then the Braves have been looking better and better—and getting closer and closer to that pennant they were supposed to win. They have won 12 of their 14 games since the All-Star break.

Haney, with classic modesty—and a classic posture toward an old friend—denies that he personally has had much to do with the new success story or that he has really done anything which Charlie Grimm could not have done just as well. But everyone in Milwaukee, from the highest club official down to the smallest fan, knew that it was time for a change, and even the ballplayers themselves—who had a deep personal affection for their easygoing old manager—admit the change was undoubtedly for the best. Haney, although no Leo Durocher or Rogers Hornsby type manager, is also not exactly the Charlie Grimm type either. He has cracked the whip over the club's handful of playboys and demanded just a little more spirit on the field, a little more attention to the job at hand.

In a tactical sense, Haney made only one important change: under his direction the Braves became, at least temporarily, a team of hunt and squeeze-play specialists. "This is a team of free swingers," he explained right after the All-Star Game break, looking around at Adcock and Aaron and Mathews and Bobby Thomson and Wes Covington,

"and if they had all been hitting like they should, it's doubtful that I would have changed a thing from the way Charlie was managing."

"But nothing is worse than a team of free swingers who aren't hitting. Instead of getting the five or six runs you need to protect your pitchers,



NEW MANAGER Fred Haney has found effective anesthetic for his throbbing tea.

you're not getting any at all. So I have been willing to settle for the one or two or three runs early if we can get them and then let the pitchers try to hold that lead. And to do this we've been putting runners on base with the bunt, moving them along with the bunt and even getting them home with the bunt if we have to. Until our hitters get going, it's what we have to do to win."

But since that time another of Haney's innovations—daily extra batting workouts for his big hitters—has begun to pay off, and in the past week, as the Braves moved out ahead of the

pack behind the brilliant slugging hits of Aaron and the even more spectacular long-range bombing of Adcock, the hunt has begun to disappear from the land of the breweries.

Additionally, Haney has made consistent, all-round use of what has surprisingly developed into perhaps the best bench—next to that of the Yankees—in all baseball.

"A manager is foolish," Haney says, "to keep a man on the bench waiting and waiting for the time when he is needed. Because then, when he is needed, he usually isn't ready. I try to play them all a little bit and keep them in shape, ready to go. And then when I need them, they're all set to come off the bench and deliver."

But more than Haney's direction, more even than the solid depth of the team, there has been the pitching. When the Braves weren't hitting, Lew Burdette and Bob Buhl, Ray Crone and Warren Spahn went right on out and won ball games anyway. Eventually they were joined by Gene Cozley, who recovered from a strained tendon in his pitching shoulder in time to get off the disabled list six weeks after the season began. And now that their teammates have begun to deliver some runs, the Big Five just win that much easier.

What manner of men are these who have stood the best-hitting league in baseball on its ear all season long? Well, they pull on their flannel pants just like anyone else, one leg at a time, and they laugh and grumble in the dug-out and kid each other in the dressing room, just like any other five pitchers anywhere else around the league. They look like five young men you might

PITCHING WINS PENNANTS

From 1900 to 1960, a pitching team for the Braves has won 15 times, as the first 15 years in which became the club with the best.

ERA has won the pennant 10 times, as the first 10 years in which became the club with the best ERA.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Year	Best Pitching Staff	Pennant Winner
1955	Dodgers —3.48 ERA	Dodgers
1956	Giants —3.89 ERA	Giants
1953	Braves —3.30 ERA	Dodgers (3rd best ERA)
1952	Phillies —3.67 ERA	Dodgers (2nd best ERA)
1951	Giants —3.48 ERA	Giants
1949	Phillies —3.58 ERA	Phillies
1949	Cardinals —3.44 ERA	Dodgers (2nd best ERA)
1948	Braves —3.38 ERA	Braves
1947	Cardinals —3.53 ERA	Dodgers (3rd best ERA)
1946	Cardinals —3.01 ERA	Cardinals

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Year	Best Pitching Staff	Pennant Winner
1963	Yankees —3.23 ERA	Yankees
1964	Indians —2.98 ERA	Indians
1962	Yankees —3.29 ERA	Yankees
1962	Yankees —3.14 ERA	Yankees
1961	Indians —3.38 ERA	Yankees (3rd best ERA)
1958	Indians —3.75 ERA	Yankees (2nd best ERA)
1949	Indians —3.36 ERA	Yankees (2nd best ERA)
1948	Indians —3.33 ERA	Indians
1947	Yankees —3.39 ERA	Yankees
1946	White Sox —3.10 ERA	Red Sox (4th best ERA)

run into in a college football locker room, for example, or maybe on a basketball court—except that they are a little older. Buhl, with his dark bearding brows and almost perpetual smile; Burdette, usually serious and almost handsome in a rugged way; and Crone, with his round boyish face and big ears, are all about the same size—6 feet 2 inches and 185 pounds. Buhl is 27, Burdette 29 and Crone 24. Spahn, the joker and still a youngster at heart even at 35 but with his close-cropped brown hair quite a bit thinner than when he came up to the big time some 14 years ago, is the smallest—6 feet and 175 pounds. And Conley, a former basketball player who tows over everyone in baseball at 4 feet 8 inches, gambles around the field and dressing room—when he isn't pitching—like an overgrown St. Bernard pup, stopping to gab with everyone in sight. He is 25.

But once they move onto the pitching mound, each of the five ceases to be a personality and becomes a machine dedicated to turning every hitter in the National League into an abject failure who happened to be sent plateward that day for lack of anything better. And the results they have achieved are startling.

COLD TRUTH

In the league earned run averages, four of the top eight are Braves. The fifth member of the regular rotation, Crone, ranks 12th in ERA. To baseball men, who still consider the earned run ratings the best method yet devised to measure in cold black and white figures the comparative effectiveness of any pitcher, the rankings of the Braves' Big Five are phenomenal.

Collectively, of course, their strength lies in the fact that there are five of them ("Five starting pitchers! Five!" moans Birdie Tebbets of the Redlegs, who, like most other managers in baseball, always seems to be searching frantically for that third or fourth starter and seldom even dreams of having five). They are able to relieve each other, and sometimes Haney likes to use them in this way to keep them from growing stale in the four days each must normally rest in his turn.

Individually the big winners have been Burdette (12-4) and Buhl (12-4), which should not be quite as surprising as it apparently is. Burdette ("The best right-hander in the league. He never walks anyone," says Bill Rigney of the Giants) won 15 games his second full year in the majors and the following season, 1964, finished second

HIGHLIGHT



AFTER SLOW START, ADCOCK IS NEW HERO OF MILWAUKEE AUTOGRAPH HUNTING

MILWAUKEE'S MAN OF THE MOMENT is Joe Adcock (see cover). He also provides our HIGHLIGHT this week. Climaxing a fury of power hitting and rhabarbs, Adcock set a new season high in the National League with eight runs batted in against the New York Giants on July 19. Joe came up to the plate in the first inning with the bases loaded. He promptly smacked a long home run over the left-field fence. In the third inning he hit a profane double, but in the fourth singled home a run. In the sixth inning, with two men on base, Adcock hit his second home run of the day, high into the left-field bleachers. After that, he considerably retired for the day. Although no records of this are kept, it is probable no one ever produced as many RBIs in six innings of major league ball. After the game, Adcock said modestly, "Heck, I'm a big guy. I'm strong so when I hit a ball right, it goes."

JOSEPH WILBUR ADCOCK was born in the Red River Parish town of Coushatta, Louisiana on October 30, 1927. His father was a farmer and sheriff of the parish, while his mother was a former schoolteacher. Joe grew up under what he calls "ordinary circumstances," doing odd jobs around the farm. An all-state basketball player in high school, he went to LSU on a basketball scholarship. "There were only 400 people in town and five boys in my class, so we never got around to baseball in high school."

But in college Joe played first base for three years, batted over .300 and made the All-Southeastern Conference squad. He was also an All-Conference basketball forward. Quitting college after his junior year to sign with the Cincinnati organization, Adcock played three years in the minors before going up to the Redlegs in 1960. Since there was a guy named Klusmewald playing first base, Adcock alternated in the outfield for three years before moving on to the Braves in 1963.

A genial, pipe-smoking bachelor with an engaging drawl, Joe goes out on an occasional date, but his first love is hunting and fishing. As soon as the baseball season is over, Adcock heads straight for his cattle farm (150 head) in Coushatta, which his father helps supervise. "I hunt and fish six days a week," Joe fondly relates. "Ducks, squirrels, quail, deer—anything in the bayous."

Joe Adcock is very clear about his future ambition: "I want to play in the World Series."—L.W.

NERVE TEST ON THE NEEDLES

High in the weather-lashed Alps two intrepid climbers assail the spine-chilling peaks of the famous Needles of Chamonix

MOUNTAINS—nature's most impressive creations—have since time immemorial been objects of fear. And for the climber, one of the greatest tests of skill or nerve is the Needles of Chamonix—a classic forest of granite spires clustered around the east and northern sides of Mont Blanc where Alpine France and Switzerland meet.

Looking at the Needles, or Aiguilles, with their jagged pinnacles and weathered flying buttresses, is like observing the ruined temples of the Titans. Symbols of impregnability—Grand Charnas, Grépon, Aiguille Verte, Aiguille de Blaitière—the very names of these fragile sentinels suggest high adventure.

Though Mont Blanc was climbed as long ago as 1786 by a chamois hunter and local doctor, the highest of the steepy Needles—Aiguille Verte (13,520 ft.)—was not conquered until 1868. Since then, they have had an irresistible attraction for rock-climbers the world over. Last to fall was the Grépon, conquered by the famous English rock-climber, Alfred Mummery and his guides, Burgener and Venetz.

Early mountaineers, though their training and stamina left little to be desired, would be astounded at the aerobics and intensiveness of training considered as necessary today. They would be amazed to know that the Mer de Glace face of the Grépon is almost a standard route and that the awesome west face of the Petit Dru has long since yielded to daring climbers.

Derek Boddy and John Temple, shown on the opposite page practicing their technique on one of the rock flags, are young English climbers training, until the weather improves, for the higher Needles (see following page). The crystalline grain of the rock will toughen their hands, and proper use of the rope will condition their nerves to the exposure of the heights. At Chamonix climbing is more strenuous than on the delicate limestone rock of the Dolomites,

and severe exercises above 10,000 feet affects the unseasoned climber more. Although both Temple and Boddy are competent climbers, Boddy has one advantage over University Student Temple—he is a steepjack.

On the ridges of the Aiguilles Rouges behind Chamonix are Les Larmes and Les Clochetons de Flangra. The latter group is a series of towers, increasing in difficulty. To reach the third tower, the climber must leave a horn of granite from the second and swing across on a self-made aerial tramway, to the excitement of his companions. Then this sensational feat is the next man's turn, while the tired but successful performer can sit back and laugh at someone else's difficulties.

Rock-climbing, which to some is the training phase of mountaineering, is a western notion, an idea that never came to the ancients in the east. As a sport, it was the invention of imaginative Englishmen who were born in the secure environment of the 19th century. Even though Queen Victoria suggested its being forbidden, the British set the seal of distinction on climbing and preserved it as a respectable practice in times of criticism. The acceptance was almost complete when a scientist of the social position of De Saussure climbed Mont Blanc.

Feats that depend on luck rather than skill tempt the ignorant to destruction, but scrabble climbing is as free from danger as any other activity in life.

Though the basic rope techniques have not changed, mechanical innovations like the climbers' pitons, karabiners and stirrups have made the most awesome wall of the Chamonix Needles possible. But spirit and dedication are still the vital requisites—it is even a matter of record that men wearing patent leather shoes, silk socks and cutaway coats have successfully climbed Mont Blanc.

—FRED BUCKLEY

Climbers Boddy and Temple move up sheer mist-shrouded face of Le Bricioche





Along a needle rock 7,000 feet up in the Alps, climber Derek Spady adjusts rope for descent.



Rappelling a foot at a time, Climber Boddy works his way down sheer side of needle rock.



Trusting his rope with most of his weight, a climber picks his way slowly down a scarp

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

WHEN ODD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER • THE SEPARATION
OF POWERS • TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE THE IRISH • STRANGE
SOUNDS IN A HAT • A PROPOSITION FOR A DREAM RACE

MIGHTY PECULIAR

A BIG SCANDAL is making black headlines in the newspapers of Illinois. It seems that the auditor of the Prairie State, an elective officer, has managed to get \$875,000 worth of state checks cashed for his personal benefit at the Southmoor Bank and Trust Co. of Chicago. The auditor, a man named Orville E. Hodge, has resigned from his office and is now explaining his alleged peculations to federal, state and county investigating agencies. Another man who resigned from his job when the ugly headlines had spoken was Edward A. Hints, president of the Southmoor Bank and the man who authorized these transactions, knowing full well that some \$366,000 worth of the dealings were at least highly irregular. This is important to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and its readers because President Hints is the same Ed Hints who, as one of the official judges, ruled that Johnny Saxton had beaten Carmen Basilio in their 15-round welterweight championship bout at the Chicago Stadium (51, March 24), a decision which returned the championship to hoodlum control and was so foul as a piece of judging that it momentarily soured out the stockyards as Chicago's most odoriferous vantage. Boxing Commissioner Lou Madrienna endorsed the decision of his appointed judge, and his friend, Truman K. Gibson Jr., secretary of the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president), cited Hints's business rectitude as evidence of his basic honesty.

Another name familiar to the readers of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s continuing boxing exposé has also popped up in Auditor Hodge's fiscal fantasy. It is Arthur Wirtz, a director of the

IBC and longtime business partner of Norris.

Here is how Arthur Wirtz enters the case. (It may sound complicated at first, but don't leave.) Some time back, Auditor Hodge, who is the regulator of all state banks, ordered the First State Bank of Elmwood Park to close its doors, claiming he had found irregularities in its loan policies. This seemed like a good deed on the part of the state auditor until it was revealed that he had subsequently and secretly acquired 11,165 shares (or more than one-third) of the stock of the bank after it reopened. As if this were not scandal enough, no one knew quite what to think when it turned out that Arthur M. Wirtz had anted up a cool \$361,455 to buy Orville Hodge's embarrassing block of stock in the First State Bank of Elmwood Park after

Hodge had come under fire for irregularities in the auditor's office. It is only a detail that this transaction seemingly gave the harassed state auditor a profit of about \$25,000.

Arthur Wirtz is a shrewd businessman, and he doubtless saw something pretty good that didn't meet the average eye when he snapped up the bank's stock. To boxing's long-suffering fans, what he saw is beside the point. At the moment about all they can say when they consider the actions of Hints and Wirtz is, "Mighty peculiar."

Well, Hodge and Hints are now in custody and under federal indictment on charges of conspiracy to misappropriate bank funds. But there is still something mighty peculiar about the mess in Illinois. It is mighty peculiar that Illinois remains the only state of being's Big

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Take Your Choice

King Crosby, one of the 11-man syndicate that made the winning \$5,500,000 bid for the Detroit Tigers, is also 14% owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates. When baseball Commissioner Ford Frick ruled that Crosby could own an interest in only one club at a time, the Groszer said he would keep the Pirates.

• Impending Crisis

Winconsin threatened to cancel its home-and-home football contract with Louisiana State, the Sugar Bowl promised to become a local show, and the Shreveport Sports baseball team faced the end of its Texas League affiliation because a new Louisiana state law forbids Negroes and whites to compete as the same playing field. Although Shreveport has no Negro players, other teams in the Texas League do, and they don't intend to get rid of them when the law goes into effect on October 15.

• Brighter Side

New General Manager Frank Lane, who traded away Cardinal Pitcher Brooks Lawrence (13-1) and Harvey Haddix (8-3), plus Second Baseman Red Schoendienst (312) and Center Fielder Bill Vukobrat (294) told an *Optimist Club* in St. Louis he wasn't sorry even though his club was in fourth place. "You have to win... You have to gamble," he explained.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 17

Four (New York, Pennsylvania, California are the other three) that has done nothing to clean up boxing's dirty business which, it would seem, can penetrate deep into the vitals of state government.

GLASS HOUSE AND IVORY TOWER

IN the most recent chapter of the hair-raising Pacific Coast Conference melodrama four California universities were threatening secession, angry rumbles were being exchanged between the governors of California and Oregon, and a rebel football government seemed on the verge of setting up shop in Sacramento under the protective wing of Governor Goodwin (Jeff Davis) Knight. Knight, an honest, forthright man of even temper, was hopping mad. The fact that PCC fathers had barred USC and UCLA from Rose Bowl competition for two and three years respectively had raised the hackles on his red-blooded neck, and he said so. "Set up our own league," he screamed.

Knight wanted to take a wrecking crew and tear down every ivory tower in sight. The time for a realistic approach to athletic scholarships was at hand, he said, and Knight wanted to spearhead the attack. To the north, the loyalist leader, Oregon Governor Elmo Smith, assumed a most un-Lincolnesque attitude. "If California standards are incompatible with ours," said Governor Smith, "maybe they should pull out."

According to Knight, a former football player at Stanford in the pre-World War I days, it is the \$75-a-month ceiling on athletic scholarships that is at fault. Obviously the people in the north were being unavalent and secession was the only answer.

A week later quiet-spoken Orlando J. Hollis, dean of Oregon's law school and architect of many of the PCC rules on athletic morals, tossed a couple of pieces of printed paper on the desk in his office and started to talk about them. The documents were as familiar to coaches and conference athletes as free-sap coupons to the average housewife. One of them was a form letter which PCC Commissioner Vic Schmidt sends to each prospective athlete, explaining all permissible forms of assistance to athletes under the conference code. The other was a questionnaire which all PCC athletes must answer when they turn out for a sport, detail-

ing all instances of past, present or future financial assistance either received or promised. "Coaches with an illegal aid program couldn't afford to take chances on a kid answering a questionnaire like this honestly," said Hollis. "All of those kids, somewhere along the line, had to be given instruction to lie. Hell," said the dean quietly, "we're not a professional football league. We're a group of universities and colleges. Parents send their kids to us for tutelage, no less. Any time the maintenance of an athletic program requires us to teach them to be crooks and liars, why, good Gawd, it's time you get rid of it. As long as the rule is there [requiring the answering of the questionnaire] and your program calls for illegal aid to a boy, he's being taught to be a liar and a crook, and that teaching has to be pretty detailed to keep that side [meaning UCLA's] operation under cover."

Hollis may have been pegging his pebbles from an ivory tower, but in this case it seems to have certain advantages over a glass slat house.

FAREWELL FENCE

THINGS ARE CHANGING at Notre Dame. Since Terry Brennan succeeded Frank Leahy there have been signs that the most celebrated football seminary in the land would like to spread the impression that there are other beans besides pigskins in life at South Bend, Indiana.

They are tearing down the high green fence that for 50 years has shielded the



practice sessions of the Notre Dame squad at Cartier Field from the eyes of hostile scouts and spies.

The official explanation is that the old green fence has become too expensive to maintain. Replacing it will be a woven-wire fence and any passer-by will be free to peek through except on the most secret occasions. Then Brennan will drag the fence with canvas.

The very thought of people looking at any Notre Dame practice session will probably make Frank Leahy turn over in his fist, plus public-relations office. Leahy could not erase the grim thought of lurking spies, and he never completely trusted the fence. He had student managers guarding all entrances and knockholes and issued a whole series of varicolored passes, each

denoting the extent of penetration permitted the lucky holder. Edgy Gilmore, longtime Associated Press correspondent in Moscow, said after a practice session: "It was easier to get into the Kremlin."

There was many a story of the old green fence. Once Ziggy Szabo'ski challenged big John (Tar Tree) Adams to see if he could dive through the fence. Adams thought he could, and did. Others to dive through the fence, head and shoulders first: Ray Eichenlaub, a fullback of the Rockne-Donaire era, and jumping Joe Savoldi of Knute Rockne's fabulous 1923 team.

If, as seems likely, there is a new order at Notre Dame calling for slightly less emphasis on football, heads may be more leashed there in the days to come. But they will never be harder than in the days of the old green fence.

THE ELECTRONIC QUARTERBACK

KNUTE ROCKNE believed that one of the principal duties of a football coach was to teach a quarterback to think for himself. Paul Brown, coach of the Cleveland Browns, inclines toward a slightly different view. Coach Brown believes that a quarterback should have his thinking done for him.

Coach Brown, already celebrated for a football innovation known as the "messenger guard," a substitute rushed into the game on every play for the sole purpose of delivering an order from Coarh Brown, has been experimenting with a football helmet containing a small radio receiver. This, placed on the quarterback's presumably thick head bone, would enable Coach Brown to communicate swiftly and directly with the man calling the signals. Otto Graham, the great Cleveland quarterback, went along with the scheme and has acted as robot by running about the field in practice sessions while Coach Brown broadcast his orders. Yet Coach Brown was not altogether satisfied with results and distrusted the gimmick in actual competition. Graham could bring him in first in some sections of the field, lost him entirely in others. Coach Brown has since referred this problem back to the electronic experts and promises that "any time we think it has been perfected, we will use it."

All this has frightening implications. It may be hastening the day when robots, with the electronic cunning man has given them, start manufacturing other robots. Or the day when Yogi

continued on page 28



"Stiles, you take left field. Kratz, center field, Schmidt,
right. And Thompson, you're cleanup man."

DREAM RACE—A PROPOSAL

A YEAR AGO, the late William Woodward Jr., then owner of Nashua, and Rex Ellsworth, owner of Swaps, agreed to match their superb colts in a two-horse race at Chicago. At that time the two sportsmen were quoted widely as saying, in effect: "Both these horses are great. Any great horse belongs to the public. The public is entitled to see the best—and that's why we're bringing Swaps and Nashua together." As everyone now knows, Nashua won in a romp over an off-form Swaps and thus evaded the score with the colt who had taken his measure in the Kentucky Derby.

Since then, both horses have gone on to rewrite flat-racing history. Nashua has become the top money winner of all time (\$1,236,965), and Swaps has set three new world records and equaled another at distances ranging from a mile to a mile and a furlong.

It is no exaggeration to say that both these horses are greater now than they were a year ago, and both are in top condition. Certainly the public deserves another chance to see them compete—not only against each other but also against whatever other horses have earned the right to test their heels. With this in mind, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** proposes a "Dream Race for 1966," a showdown among the four outstanding horses now in training in this country—Nashua, Swaps, Needles and Fabius—and perhaps any others that may be worthy.

It would be held in September or October at Belmont Park at a distance of a mile and a half, weight-for-age, for 3-year-olds and up, by invitation only. Purse: \$100,000; of which \$75,000 to the winner, \$15,000 for second, \$7,500 for third and \$2,500 for fourth. No nominating or starting fees. Conforming with The Jockey Club scale of weights-for-age, the 4-year-olds would carry 125 pounds over a mile and a half in September and October. The 3-year-olds (Needles and Fabius) would carry 119 pounds in September or 121 pounds in October.

Other horses which now come to mind have been purposely excluded for various reasons: Career Boy after breaking down in the Belmont Stakes probably could not get ready in time; the same goes for Summer Tan who is behind in his training; 3-year-old Swoon's Son has looked unbeatable at a mile or under but probably can't go much farther. Bobby Brocato, Porterhouse and Mr. Gun, all classy winners, have given Swaps little competition with a weight advantage of 15 to 20 pounds so they would hardly qualify

at equal weights. Alfred Vanderbilt's gelding, Social Outcast, has long been out of training and might have trouble getting ready for such a challenge.

By a fortunate coincidence, all four colts are scheduled to be in residence at Belmont for the autumn meeting. There are already some races for which Nashua and Swaps are both eligible, but the conditions of these races tend to favor one horse over the other. The \$75,000 Woodward at Belmont on September 29, for instance, is run at a mile and an eighth, a distance more suited for a real speed horse like Swaps. Conversely, in the \$10,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont on October 13, the two-mile distance would give Nashua the edge. He won this race last year.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED believes that the mile-and-a-half is the Thoroughbred's truest classical test and certainly the fairest compromise for these four horses. The strategy at such a distance would be fascinating. Fabius and Swaps are both pace setters. Nashua can run on the pace or just off it. Needles has to come from behind. The planning by the brilliant riders who normally have the mount on these horses—Eddie Arcare, Willie Shoemaker, Dave Erb and Willie Hartack—should be epic in itself. Hartack would be struggling to keep Fabius from running himself out in the first mile. Shoemaker on Swaps, another wire-to-wire front runner, would have to be careful not to let Fabius take him too fast too early so as to leave something in reserve for the long Belmont stretch. Arcare, the great master of pace, would have to be at his very best to stay within striking distance and yet retain Nashua's finishing kick. Erb aboard Needles, an early lagger, could lay back only so far without finding himself lost in the background. This would indeed be a DREAM RACE.

Belmont Park may well shudder at the thought of the expense and trouble that such a race would entail. To be sure, it is no cloak to put up such a purse in a state that allows its tracks a mere 4% of the pari-mutuel handle as opposed to the 7% or 8% taken by the tracks in other major racing states. But if New York means what it says about regaining some of the prestige it has forfeited to states like New Jersey, Illinois, California and Florida, now is the time. Gentlemen of The Greater New York Association, Messrs. George Widener, John Hanes, Ogden Phipps, Christopher Chenery, Boylston Tompkins et al.: here is your chance to give true racing fans their DREAM RACE.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 18

Berra will be fused in to Casey Stengel. Or Vinegar Bend Mised to Fred Hutchinson and Hutchinson, heaven help his equidrome, to Frank Lane.

Or when traveling salesmen will be made to wear radio hats to which their wives back home may broadcast from time to time: "Don't you dare!"

THE MEETING GROUND

USSR, a Russian picture magazine with English text, went on sale at newsstands across the country this

week. USSR is a monthly (29¢ a copy) especially designed "to acquaint American readers with the life of the Soviet people" and is published in the U.S. through a two-way arrangement between the governments of the U.S. and of the Soviet Union. The other part of the deal allows American, an American magazine with Russian text, to circulate in the Soviet Union (5 rubles a copy).

The notable thing about USSR's first issue is that no less than 10 of its 68 pages are devoted to sport. There is a discussion of the Olympic trials which will take place in Moscow next month and speculation about the final out-

come for the Soviet Union at Melbourne ("track and field prospects for women—bright. For men—a few gold medals, not too many. Victory for U.S.A.?).

There is a story about Distance Runner Vladimir Kuts, two pages of chit-chat about star Soviet athletes, an article on chess, and so on. Altogether, USSR suggests pretty clearly that two countries whose languages, habits, moods and ideals are different can still find a comfortable meeting place on an athletic field, and that the world of sport may be the place where men will finally learn to live—and compete—in peace. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** seconds the notion.

GOLDEN AGE FOR KIDS

THROUGH the thought couldn't have been further from their minds or their kids' minds, the parents of 105 New York suburban kids were writing a new chapter in the social and economic history of the U.S. last week when 105 Blue Jays jammed the starting line in the Larchmont, N.Y. Junior Day championships. Most of the Jays were new (there aren't many old Blue Jays, since the class is only eight years old), and each one represented a parental investment of about \$650, complete with racing sails. Times 105, that makes a rough outlay of \$160,000 to provide a summer's fun for a few kids.

This is one more powerful example of the golden age of sports that today's children are living through, a time when they have more opportunity to do more things well than any other generation ever had.

Go back only 15 or 17 years, to a place like Barnegat Bay in New Jersey. In 1939 a kid who wanted to sail got a 12-foot Snek Box, worth maybe \$115 new. But nobody had a new boat. You inherited one from your cousin who had gone up into the Service. Or take baseball. In the early '40s a kids' ball game was still a pickup affair that happened on a backlot with a rock for home plate and weeds to your knees in the outfield. Now, some 15 years later, hundreds of thousands of uniformed Little Leaguers, P-O-N-Y Leaguers, Babe Ruth Leaguers, and so forth, play out summer-long schedules on manicured diamonds, some with sunken dugouts, mechanical scoreboards and other appurtenances.

It is the same all through sports. Nowadays parents are digging deep in their pockets to provide better recreation for their children and, at the same time, building a generation of intense sports lovers who can pass on an even greater affection for sport to their own children. Today's golden age may be only a small indication of the bigger things to come.

Abner Borenfeld

PRESS THE FLESH

A handshake—be it a compliment from the soft palm of royalty, from the eager palms of business or from the bitter palm of the vanquished—is the wordless hurrah which need overcome no language barrier to pay the victor a tribute, grudging or not



ROYAL DUKE is extended to Dr. Roger Barnister, the first four-minute mile, by smiling Queen Elizabeth at Britain's Amateur Athletic Association Championships. Duke of Edinburgh stands at Queen's side as she receives British athletes at White City Stadium.



GLAD HAND thrusts in thanks by ex-Ohio State All-America Howard Hoppe (Hopping) Canady (center), who watches grin with Edna J. Anderson, president of the Detroit Lions, after Hoppy signed \$29,000 two-year contract. Mrs. Canady also gets into the act, grips Hoppy.



SUGAR SHAKE goes to Mrs. Virginia Peace of San Diego as she collects \$29,587.20 from Jesse S. Alessio, director of Mexico's Caliente race track. Mrs. Peace picked five out of six winners in a betting pool for Caliente's record payoff.



COOL CLASP going away is the best Golfer Tommy Bolt (above) can manage after losing 1 up to Charlie Prestite (right) in PGA championships at Canton, Mass. Bolt, who was favored to beat Prestite, then stalked away in disgust.

HEARTY HITT goes to debowling champion Pat Lasser of Seattle (left) from loser Barbara McGuire of Toledo after second-round match in the Women's Western Amateur Golf Championship at Huntington, W. Va. Miss Lasser won 1 up.



DIPLOMATIC GRIP is given to U.S. track star Bob Mathias by Amos Rebel, Tunisian Secretary of State for Youth and Sports, after presenting Mathias with the "Nissan Hitchan," one of Tunisia's highest decorations. Mathias is on a good-will tour of Africa.



SHAKE AND MAKE UP was the ruling Cincinnati Judge Clarence Denning handed Dodge Duke Seider (left) and Cincinnati fan Ralph Baerzel of Mass., Ohio. The two had exchanged punches after Baerzel asked if Seider was "guttin'."



MANAGER ALSTON (TO AMBIBLY TIES THE MAJOR WHILE MAJOR (FAR LEFT) AMBIBLY HOLDS AND LUBINE SAUNTERS IN FROM

A TABLEAU OF DEEP MISERY

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE FORD



THE SNAPE. OTHER DODGERS ARE (L. TO R.) CHIC FERNANDEZ, FEE NEE BREST, ROSE WALKER, GIL HEDGES, AND GENE SHIER

Even world champions like the Brooklyn Dodgers have moments when nothing goes right, such as that caught by a camera behind home plate during their fourth

straight loss to Milwaukee on their latest western trip. Manager Walter Alston and players glumly await Relief Pitcher Clem Labine to rescue Sal Maglie from distress



OUTRAGED BUT STILL OUT

CARLOS BERNIER, TEMPERAMENT BOY OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS, MAKES LIKE MURRAY AS



WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

FRESH HARVEST OF RHUBARBS



STALKING from the mound, Brooklyn Dodger pitcher Don Newcombe glares daggers at Manager Walter Alton (left) after

Alton yanked him for threatening to beat Chicago Cubs batters. Newk made bean threat after he had been dented twice at bat.



HE EMERGES THROUGH A THEATRICAL PROTEST, UNHURLED, UNHARMED AND REFUSES TO BREAK STRIDE, STEPS ON THE PITCHER'S FOOT



Soaring temperatures and the heat of the pennant chase produce a midsummer madness in baseball which is a delight to the fan and a blight to the nerve-racked manager



SPITTING his contempt at critical Boston baseball writers, Ted Williams crosses plate after clearing his 400th home run.



TUNNING tall, Giant Pitcher Babe Gerson chooses discretion, not valor, after deliberately throwing at Braves' Joe Adcock.





"There's only one general—me!"



"If a kid says he wants to be a fighter, you have to let him go. He can't associate."

CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT:

A MANAGER AND HIS FIGHTER

BY ROBERT H. BOYLE • ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUSSELL HOBAN

In the dimly lit world of boxing, the classic—and therefore most closely guarded—relationship is that between the manager and fighter. One of the few persons ever permitted to penetrate the protective shadow which conceals their everyday

dealings is Robert H. Boyle. On the pages that follow, Boyle recounts his conversations with a manager and a fighter on a day climaxed by a bout. For reasons which are obvious, the names of the principals are withheld. The facts are not,

Now turn the page and meet the Manager'



"Boxing is built on burns. Without burns nobody would be anywhere in boxing"

THE MANAGER TELLS HOW IT IS

WHEN YOU get a fighter, you got to sit down with him and explain there can't be two generals in the army," the Manager remarked one recent Friday morning as he walked down Broadway to the New York State Athletic Commission offices on West 47th Street for the noon weigh-in. One of the Manager's fighters was going that night in Madison Square Garden, and, according to the agreement I had worked out with the Manager, I was to accompany him and the Fighter around for the day.

"I have to tell a fighter that there's one general—me," the Manager continued. "I have to tell a fighter that there's one soldier—him. All he has to do is get in shape. I got the opponents. An opponent is someone I believe my fighter can whip. That's what an opponent is. Well, anyways, I line up the opponents, and my fighter fights them. That's the way we start out. If my fighter fights a burn even, I don't let him know it. As far as I'm concerned, the fighter knows nothing. He don't need to know nothing but how to get in shape."

"What happens when you got a smart fighter?" I asked.

"One thing you got to learn," said the Manager. "If a kid goes into the gym and says he wants to be a fighter, you know he isn't smart. If he was, he wouldn't be there. Now that don't

mean there are no smart fighters. There are smart fighters. But they're smart about fighting. They're not smart about anything else. A kid that maybe you would figure is smart about things other than fighting is not smart to me. To me, he's a wise kid. And wise kids you have to watch out for. That's why you tell him in the beginning that you're the general and he's the soldier. You get everything straight then. You can be okay with him, but only up to a point. The nicer you are to a fighter, the less he respects you. When he don't respect you, he don't take orders."

"What about your boy tonight? Is he a smart fighter?"

"A real nice boy," said the Manager, shaking his head fondly. "A real nice boy. Quiet. Doesn't say much. A good boy. Maybe not much of a boxer, but a good puncher. A very good puncher."

"Is he going to win tonight?" I asked.

"I wish I knew," said the Manager. "This is a real tough fight for me. This is no opponent we're fighting tonight. This is a boxer, a very clever boxer. Very clever. But I figure we got a chance. All we need is have the other kid get sloppy and mix it. Then he busts him out. I hope anyways. If he wins tonight, I'll take on a few burns. I figure we're in if we win to-

night. I'll tell you something. This fight's got me so jittery I'd put it in the bag if I could. At least I think I would. I would love to go in tonight if I had the officials."

"You mean you would fix it?" I asked.

"Are you kidding?" the Manager asked. "Of course I would—if I could. Who wouldn't? That's how much this fight means to me. And I'm legitimate! But I had to take it. You don't get too many fights with television."

Enter the Fighter

By this time we had reached 48th and Broadway, and I let the Manager walk on ahead. He didn't mind talking to me, but he didn't want us to be seen together too much, especially at the weigh-in, with a lot of other managers around. I waited for him in a restaurant across the street from the commission, and at about 12:15 he came down. The Fighter and the Trainer were with him. The Fighter was wearing a jacket, a pair of black pants and a cloth cap. The Manager introduced me and we shook hands. The Fighter was, as the Manager had said, very quiet. "A very good sign," the Manager said in an aside. "A very good sign. He hit 38 on the nose." The 38 meant that the Fighter weighed in at 138 pounds. No one in boxing ever uses the prefix 100.



"Let's go to McGinnis," the Manager announced to our small group, and off we went to Broadway and 48th. The Manager got a table in the back and ordered beef broth for the Fighter. The rest of us had coffee.

"When a fighter ain't feelin' good at Stillman's, we send 'em here," the Trainer said. "They order beef broth. It makes 'em feel good. Good beef broth here at McGinnis'."

"What time did you get up this morning?" I asked the Fighter.

"Nine," he said.

"He was in the country two weeks trainin'," the Trainer said. "This mornin' for breakfast he had two poached eggs, a couple pieces toast, tea."

The Fighter had a second cup of beef broth, and when he finished, the Manager picked up the check. We went out on Broadway. "Take him back to the hotel and let him rest," the Manager told the Trainer. "We see you outside Stillman's at 3. Then we go out for lunch." The Trainer nodded. "We'll get a steak," the Manager said to the Fighter. The Fighter smiled. The Trainer laughed. "A steak," the Trainer said to me. "He [the Manager] got a shewine, and he says to him, 'Hey, ya supposed to be a hungry fight. Knock off steak. Go back to franks and beans, like when I found ya. How can ya be a hungry fight and eat steak?'"

"What was the word you used?" I asked the Trainer.

"What word?" he asked.

"You know," I said.

"Oh," the Trainer said, "shewine."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Dark," said the Trainer. "It means dark. It's Jewish. Lotta Jewish words in boxing."

"What's a white fighter?" I asked. "A seiwie," said the Trainer, puzzled by my questioning. "That means light. Also Jewish."

"Let's go," said the Manager impatiently. The Fighter and the Trainer left for the hotel, and the Manager and I set out for Stillman's. "Why you ask all those questions?" the Manager asked.

"It's interesting," I said. "Aren't you interested in things?"

"Boxing is all I'm interested in," said the Manager. "I can't bother with anything else. Haven't got time. All I read maybe is *LOVE* in the barber-shop once in a while and Parker at night. When you're in boxing you don't have no time for anything else. This is a 24-hour-a-day thinking business. Maybe I should say conniving business."

About Burns

At Stillman's the Manager left me for a while to talk to some other managers. When he came back I was standing against the lunch counter watching the fighters work out.

"You know something?" the Manager added when he came back. "I'd bet you don't know about burns. How good burns are for boxing. Boxing is built on burns. If it weren't for the burns, there wouldn't be no boxing. All the time everybody is yelling about there being a shortage of fighters, good fighters. Well, I got news for them—there is a shortage of burns too. You need burns. What for? To build a boy up. How else is he going to get on top and get experience unless he fights burns? That's the only way you can make a kid. That's the only way he learns. In my stable of fighters I got burns. What for? I use them as opponents. When some manager got a kid, and they're looking for an opponent, I give him one of my burns. It gives the burn work, it gives me money and it gives the kid experience. But I don't throw the burn in with some puncher. Maybe the burn will even win. About two weeks ago I had a burn fighting, and one of the commissioners, he makes a squawk. What right he got to squawk? No right. He says, 'Your boy is a burn. He shouldn't fight.'"

"All right, all right," I tell him. "Get rid of him and you only get a worse burn to take his place." The commissioner don't say nothing, he

just walks away. But it's the truth. Without burns, nobody would be anywhere in boxing. Marciano was built on burns. Look at his early record."

There was a call for the Manager in one of the phone booths against the wall. When he came back he said, "You know who that was? That was a promoter. He got breaks in his card. So he calls me. What for? Two burns. One for a four, one for an eight. That's all. Just two burns. But where he is, burns is so scarce, he got to call Stillman's. It's awful. Boxing is founded on burns."

The Manager wandered off in search of the two burns. A little after 2, Lou Stillman began to chase everyone out so he could close up. I went downstairs and waited for the Manager. He came down and said, "Let's go for a walk."

I brought up the question of burns again. "What makes a burn?" I asked.

"A burn is a burn," said the Manager. "A burn can be anything."

"Well," I asked, "what about a fighter who's supposed to lack guts?"

"That kind of fighter," said the Manager, "is a dog. A dog. Any fighter who doesn't have guts is a dog. A dog. But I want to tell you something. Any fighter should have just a little bit of dog in him, maybe. It's good for him. Without that little bit of dog, he wouldn't learn defense. And if he don't learn defense, he's not going to get very far."

"Do you know any fighter who could use a little dog in him?" I asked.

"Denny Giovanneli," said the Manager. "Watch him in Stillman's. Everything on the chin. Everything. He catches too much. Giovanneli, he could use a little dog in him."

"Have you got any other kinds of fighters?" I asked.

"It's this way," the Manager explained. "On top, that is the fighters who fight on top, are same fighters. They got a name. Then you got club fighters. A club fighter is a fighter who don't know how to box too well but is always in there punching. A crowd pleaser. Then you got what is called tomato cans. A tomato can is a tomato can. Just a fighter. Maybe box a little, punch a little, not a dog. That's a tomato can. Then you got dogs. I told you what a dog is. Then you got what is called a kloodie. A kloodie, he is a dog, a hound, a mutt, a pig even. That is a kloodie. A dog, a hound, a mutt, a seal—that's a kloodie."

"Where does the word kloodie come from?" I asked.

continued on page 45

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Fred Kauer, affable 42-year-old radio executive whose boyhood baseball ambition was thwarted by DePue's, finally made big time—as head of 11-year syndicate which paid record price of \$1,500,000 for Detroit Tigers.



Ann Gossel, sophomore 18-year-old University of Washington sophomore, shot record 76 to win medal, parlayed hot putting and cool nerves into 4 and 3 win over Pat Lauer for Women's Western Amateur title at Huntington, W. Va.

RECORD BREAKERS

Baseball's **James Glines** handled 19 at bats to set modern major league record for second basemen but couldn't stem tide as harrowing Dodgers slugged 13-4 (breaking from Cardinals at St. Louis (July 21).

Bill Hedges, 29-year-old Toronto hotel owner, bounced his *Miss O'Keefe* over measured rule on Bay of Quinte, averaged 125.25 mph for two runs to better world mark for 200-cubic-inch speedboats at Ft. Erie, Ont. (July 12).

BASEBALL

Milwaukee (see page 2) set merry pace in National League, notching successful home stand (13 out of 20) by knocking over Pittsburgh, New York and Philadelphia six times in eight games to move three ahead of Cincinnati. Dodgers won two out of three from Brooklyn but split four with Pirates as Brooks Lawrence lost his first decision after 13 straight. Dodgers after rough time in Cincinnati got back on base against St. Louis to take three out of four as Don Newcombe won his 11th, but still trailed Braves by six.

New York's 11-game winning streak ended with double loss to Detroit but Yankees were still sitting pretty with 9½-game lead in American League after polishing off last-place Kansas City twice in three games. Cleveland picked up pace, swept three from Baltimore to hold second place while Boston maintained grip on third at expense of Kansas City and Detroit. Chicago, after 11 losses in row,

snapped out of it to beat Orioles but fell into bad habits again and were 13 games off pace at week's end.

Mileposts of the week: Boston's Ted Williams hit his 400th home run (see page 27), later added two more; St. Louis' Stan Musial got his 2,766th hit; Brooklyn's gracefully aging Pee Wee Reese collected his 2,666th hit.

BOXING

Warner Berles, young Bronx heavyweight, spent better part of evening chasing reluctant Jimmy Slade around St. Nick's ring, caught up with backpedaling veteran often enough to take 10-round decision at New York. Slade's complaint, "My arms were tired," drew fitting retort from disgruntled Truist Rat Nantalk: "If you had used your arms to do some punching, they wouldn't be tired."

Baby's bull-shouldered Francesco Cavichioli, joined as "Sleeping boxer" by critical fans after three losses in eight tentative bouts, woke up to batter Germany's punchy Heinz Neuhann to career's first wins, won by KO in 11th round to retain European heavyweight crown in first defense at Bologna.

HORSE RACING

Fred W. Hooper's unbeaten Greek Gaze, given his head by Willie Hartsick, took off like frisky pup, spattered chasing rivals with mud as he streaked around sloppy track to easy five-length victory in \$140,000 Arlington Patterfly at Arlington Park

(see page 46), freely ridding down claim to Madison 2-year-old honors and drawing loud praise from Jockey Hartsick: "The best 2-year-old I've ever ridden."

Count of Honor, chasing bay son of Triple Champion Count Fleet, who was smoozed as 2-year-old and is unknown this year, was held in check by Eddie Arnau (down from New York to risk for suspended Jockey Longoni) in early going, moved past pack swiftly and easily to win Hollywood Park's \$57,250 Wintertime by four lengths in last 1:59 2/5 for mile and quarter and then prepared to head east for fall showing.

Lucky Mel, one-fourth of George Lewis Stable four-horse entry, opened up wide lead at start, led all way to take \$99,850 Starlet Stakes in 1:49 2/5 for six furlongs, best time ever for 2-year-olds at Hollywood Park.

COURT TENNIS

Oxford-Cambridge combined team, showing strength in singles, less skill in doubles, defeated touring American undergraduates 3-4 in three-day match at London to take possession of Challenge Cup awarded by James H. Van Allen, energetic exponent of court tennis in U.S.

AUTO RACING

Carroll Shelby, slow-talking but fast-moving Texas who is winning driver on sports car circuit these days, scooped his 4-5 Grand Prix Ferrari on mile-long Giana's Despair at record clip of 1:57.748, next day

FOCUS ON THE DEED



STRAINING covered the finish, Derek Thorburn (left) barely edges Chris Chastney in muddy three-mile race at London.



CLIMBING Bill Lindeman artfully tames a bronc on the way to all-around championship in the Snake River Stampede at Nampa, Idaho.



BOUNCING Billy Rand demands her famous fans to teach Brewer Billy Ki-pare better balance through ballet.



Dick Stuart, power-hitting Lincoln, Neb. outfielder, hit 50th homer for Western League mark, added four more (three in one game) later in week. His next goal: organized baseball's mark of 75, set by Russell's Joe Hanzone in 1954.



Greta Anderson, well-formed Danish beauty, donned top of swimsuit, swam 26 miles to finish first (but fourth on elapsed time) in Atlantic City marathon (see below), still had enough strength to spend evening dancing with Rocco.



captured 50-rifle feature in 44:56.5 to dominate Brynlan Tyddyn road races near Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

CRICKET

England's 41-year-old Cuth Washburn (whose selection for teams prompted his protest by British press... and later an apology) teamed up with Peter May for solid fourth-wicket stand, set stage for able spin-bowlers Jim Laker and Tony Lock, who thwarted Australia on final day to turn back Australia 225 to 148 and 140 at Leeds in third test match, securing series for The Ashes at one-all with one draw.

BOATING

Emil (Bud) Musbacher, 25, sailed his Swans to first, second, fifth and sixth places in International Class in his new Kathleen Gables Memorial Trophy for best performance by owner skipper, but his 25-year-old boat, which he and his wife, Mary, had belonged to for 15-year-old Jimmy Musbacher, were not listed in all classes. (See page 27) In sail class qualifying races two in finals in weather-plagued Marchmont Race Week, which drew 1,891 starters. Among other winners: Marchmont Yacht Club sailing division, Vincent Monte-Sano's Capitan; Class 8-1, John H. Judge's Colibri; Atlantic, Cliff Morris' field's Marigold 22, masters, Dr. Britala Chance's Comber 17-210s, Francis P. Gibson's Reg; Swan, Owen C. Torrey's Comet; Under 16, Seathor Whitelaw's Fairchild; Haverly, Dr. Rosewell's Old Crow; Rochester, Steve Corkery and Frank J.

Kelly's Osprey; 110s, Peter Bearnish's Dots; Lightnings (Division I), Bill Cox Jr.'s Big Zinger; Lightnings (Division II); Hazy Monte-Sano's Grey Ghost; Blue Jays (Division II); Joey Underwood's Tiger Bell.

SWIMMING

THE Lumadae, strong-armed husky from Toronto, waged stroke-for-stroke duel with California's Tom Park for 22 of 24 miles through glass-smooth Atlantic, thrashed ahead near finish to win by scant half stroke in 9:51 in Atlantic City championship marathon around Abasco Island.

Jacques Amyot, durable 31-year-old Quebec father of three, charmed through tricky tides from Cape Gris-Nez to St. Margaret's Bay in 10.05, became second Canadian male to conquer English Channel, first of either sex to accomplish feat this year.

John Jaremy, barrel-chested Toronto steamfitter, valiantly battled fatigue and strong currents for 21:18, wearily pulled himself ashore at Toronto to become first man to swim 32 miles across Lake Ontario from Niagara.

MILEPOST

MARRIED—*Hamilton Farrar Richardson*, 22, diabetic U.S. Davis Cupper, national clay court doubles champion with Tony Trabert in 1953 and 1955, two-time NCAA champion in 1953 and 1954 while at Tulane, now Rhodes scholar at Oxford; and *Ann Kathryn Kensington*, 23, attractive movie instructor at New Orleans.

FOR THE RECORD

RETO BACHS

31 May 1995, Noid, England, 17h-18h. Main Grand Prix, 1h 1:30.52.4, with 10 mph average, in 1000m, 1000, 1000.

NOTATION

27 FDT, prepared by Joseph Sabatelli, Milwaukee, 125-20 First Street-S-Medical Bldg., at \$8.25 per sheet plus tax.

SLICON prepared by J. Miller Sherwood, Gibson Island, Md., 113 m. Virginia Company Cup reef, in DE 50 extended line, 264 Feet Comfort, Va.
GALL VI, profile by Lee Ishenoff, Detroit, MI.
Star Ind. Boundary Rock, with 1,000 ft., 31. Chas. Mich.

803140

SPIDER FIGHT, 11-round decision over Billy Mear, middleweight, Chicago.
BILLY SUGGERS, 8-round TKO over Gus Sabroni, middleweight, Miami Beach.

5048

AC 99412746, Terebinth, collected Feb. 2000, with 120 for 36 tubes. Terebinth.

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd

July 2001, 440,000 square miles. Forest cover, in general, declines because of logging, fires, and other disturbances.

4078700 000

PARLO: 225,000 Bawean Islands, 1/3/36 m., by 274 lengths, in 1/40, Jamaica, N.E. (1/2) South op.

Black & White

Received 10/1/94; accepted 10/1/94. Copyright © 1995 by W.B. Saunders Company

© 2001 Blackwell Science Ltd

VINCE BARNETT, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., says his wife
speaks English swimming well. Says, "I am from
New York City." Barnett, 60.

Vijayar

Italy, see Gaudin, S.A., European Iron Works Corp
 Intl. Harb. Frontier

AN EXPERT AT THE PLATE, smiling Mickey Mantle signs up to promote a breakfast dish. His latest job: sales promotion and merchandising man for "Rattler U.S.," a new pancake batter.



STEADY PEDALER Roger Hamerlinckx (left) leads Holland's Arlo Van Der Pluyt as cyclists near Bordeaux on the sixth lap of France's top sporting event, the marathon Tour de France.

COMING EVENTS July 27 through August 5

MONDAY, JULY 27

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club midget racing, Springfield, IL.

Baseball

- Schenectady vs. Albany, Schenectady (E.L.), 1:35 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Miguel Berrios vs. Kid Amante, featherweights, Med. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Field Trials

Welsh Harl. Sheepdog Trials, Pembrokehire, England (thru July 29).

Horse Sales

Calif. Thoroughbred Breeder's Assn. Yearling Sale, Del Mar, Calif. (thru July 29).

Radio

Lebanon Round-up, \$5,000, Lebanon, Wis. (through July 29).

Swimming

Senior Men's Outdoor AAU Swimming championships, Waterworks Pool, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio (through July 29).

TUESDAY, JULY 28

Auto Racing

Sprint racing, Le Mans, France (thru July 29).

Baseball

- New York vs. St. Louis, New York, 1:45 p.m. (EBS*)
- 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

Sandhamn Regatta Week, Sandhamn, Sweden (through Aug. 30)
Olympic trials, 5th Class championships, Atlantic Highlands PC, N.J. (through Aug. 31)

Dog Show

Cynoyl Mause KC, New State Kennel, Augusta, Ga.

Horse Racing

- Arlington-Hempstead, \$108,808, 1 3/16 m., 3-yr.-olds & up, Arlington Park, Ill., 6:29 p.m. (NBC)
- Wilmouth Oaks, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Wilmouth Park, N.J., 5:25 p.m. (NBC)
- The Dewey Handicap, \$43,808, 1 3/16 m., 3-yr.-olds & up, Jamaica, N.Y.

Swimming

Jr. Women's 100 meter backstroke championships, St. Croix, Minn. (thru July 29)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club sprint racing, Heidelberg, Pa.
U.S. Auto Club midget racing, Crystal, Mich.
NASCAR 300-mile late model race, Montgomery, Ala.

Baseball

- New York vs. St. Louis, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Dog Show

Santa Barbara KC All Breed Dog Show & Obedience Trials, Hope Ranch Park, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Fishing

Golden North Salmon Derby, Juneau, Alaska (through July 31).

Radio

Brinc riding contest, Rapid City, S.D.

Racing

Swiss Bowling championships, Lucerne, Switzerland.

Sportsfishing

Florida State Diver Assn. tournament, Maitland, Fla.

THURSDAY, JULY 30

Baseball

- Detroit vs. Boston, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Carlos Ortiz vs. Tommy Salas, lightweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont*)

Horse Racing

Clay Handicap, \$20,000, 2 f., 3-yr.-olds & up, Washington Park, Thorough, Ill.

Tennis

USLTA Junior & Boys championships, Kalamazoo, Mich. (through Aug. 31).

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1

Baseball

- Reading vs. Johnston, Reading, Pa. (Eastern), 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

Joey Giardello vs. Fritz Seadine, middleweights (10 rds.), Milwaukee.

Swimming

Natl. championships, Grand Prairie, Tex. (through Aug. 3).

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1

Baseball

- Chicago vs. Washington, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Bob Satterfield vs. Harold Carter, heavyweights, 10 f., Syracuse, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC)

Horse Racing

Champion Handicap, \$50,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds & up, Eldon & maine, Jamaica, N.Y.

Radio

Burrell races, \$8,208, Burrell, Neb. (through Aug. 4).

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club midget racing, Bedford, Ohio.

Baseball

- Brooklyn vs. Milwaukee, Brooklyn, 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Fishing

Texas Inl. tournament, Port Isabel, Texas (through Aug. 4).

Golf

Ten G'Shorter All-American, \$12,700, Walnut, Ill. (through Aug. 5)

Horse Racing

Four-Year-Old Pace, \$20,000, Cicero, Ill.
Empire State Pacing Classic, \$18,000, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
The Cleveland, \$25,000, two-for-all sprinters, Salto, Ohio.

Radio

Natl. high school championships, Rome, Nev. (through Aug. 5).

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3

Auto Racing

NASCAR 300-mile late model race, Oklahoma City, Okla.
U.S. Auto Club midget racing, Cincinnati.

Baseball

- Columbus vs. Miami, Columbus, Ga. (Telly), 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Rocky Castelfranchi vs. Joey Giardello, middleweights, Med. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Horse Sales

San Mateo Fair, San Mateo, Calif.

Tennis

American Zone, Davis Cup eliminations final, Rye, N.Y. (through Aug. 5).

Track & Field

Inl. military championships, West Berlin, Germany (through Aug. 5).
Junior Olympics, Cleveland.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4

Alpine Racing

Midget races, Oakesh, Wis. (thru Aug. 5).

Auto Racing

NASCAR 300-mile late model race, Tulsa, Okla.
U.S. Auto Club stock racing, Knoxville, Tenn.
U.S. Auto Club midget racing, Indianapolis.

Baseball

- Cleveland vs. Boston, Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. (CRS-TV*)
- Mutual-rider*)

Boxing

Serfaty Trophy, unlimited interest hydras, Seattle (thru Aug. 5).
Natl. Express Greater championships, Highlands, N.J.
Cruze Regatta week, Cowes, Isle of Wight, England (through Aug. 11).
Natl. Snake-Club sailing championships, Long Beach, Calif. (through Aug. 18).

Dog Show

Cheshire KC, Essex, N.H.

Horse Racing

Brooklyn Handicap, \$18,000, 1 3/16 m., 3-yr.-olds & up, Jamaica, N.Y.
Sheridan Handicap, \$15,808, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds, Washington Park, Thorough, Ill.
San Diego Handicap, \$20,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds & up, Del Mar, Calif.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 5

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club sprint racing, Salem, Ind.
U.S. Auto Club midget racing, Fair Rock, Mich.

Boxing

Top of Michigan outdoor marathon, Chebysse, Mich.

Dog Show

Jaxon KC, Jackson, Mich.
Winchester KC, Loomis, Mass.

Gymnastics

U.S.S.R. Sportsade begins, Moscow.

*See local listing

● TV ★ COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES E.D.T. EXCEPT WHERE NOTED

TIP FROM THE TOP



particularly for golfers
of chunky build

from **ED OLIVER**, Star Hill Country Club, Chicago, Ill.

The major problem in golf for chunky men is keeping their swing from being too flat—that is, on too shallow or horizontal a plane. The first thing they must learn in order to avoid this flatness is to take a more restricted pivot. Employing a slightly open stance helps considerably to cut down an excessive body turn. So does concentrating on taking the club back on a straight line from the ball, since it leads the player into a more upright swing. As the illustration shows, I recommend that when heavily built golfers practice, they place a club parallel to the line of flight as a visual aid to coming back straight on the line.

I am strictly a hands-player myself, but even for the average golfer of chunky physique I advocate the short, upright swing with the emphasis on firmness and timing. Don't let your left arm get stiff at address. Make sure your shoulders come underneath your chin, not out and around your chin. As for stances, I have found I get the best results by playing the woods with an open stance, the medium irons from a square stance, and the short irons from a slightly open stance.



NEXT WEEK: PHIL PERKINS ON TRAP-SHOT HAND ACTION



DIAGNOSIS: knife wound in the heart

UNDER THE blazing sledge hammer of a Chicago heat wave, the cramped operating room shimmered like an oven, reeking of ether. Six frock-coated doctors huddled in fascination, watching dark hands reach into a human chest and expertly stitch up a fluttering wound in a pulsing heart.

Would he live? The surgeons swapped his hopes and hopes. But the year was 1893; the operation, fantastic.

Live? Yes he would live for many more years, thanks to the skill of Dr. Daniel Hale Williams.

Abandoned as a child, Williams, a Negro, had struggled hard for his medical education. Now only 37, he had already founded America's first interracial hospital, Provident. And here he had just performed the first of his great pioneering operations.

Service and brave, Daniel Hale Williams was blessed with the same urge to help his fellow man that binds and strengthens Americans today. And these strong, unified Americans are our country's real wealth—the real backing behind our nation's Savings Bonds. In fact, that's the true reason why United States Savings Bonds are one of the world's finest, safest investments.

For your security and America's, invest in Savings Bonds regularly. And hold on to them!

It's actually easy to save—when you buy Series E Savings Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Once you're signed up at your pay office, your saving is done for you. The Bonds you receive pay good interest—3½ a year, compounded half yearly when held to maturity. And the longer you hold them, the better your return. Even after maturity, they go on earning 30 years more. So hold on to your Bonds! Join Payroll Savings today—or buy Bonds where you bank.

Safe as America—U.S. Savings Bonds

There is a 3% discount on the purchase price of new subscriptions to this magazine for a 12-month period. To receive this discount, please indicate your intention to subscribe for 12 months at the time of purchase.



1956 DAVIS CUP: THE SIX SURVIVORS

EUROPEAN ZONE

First Round May 1st	Second Round May 15th	Third Round June 5th	Semi-Final June 19th	Final July 22nd	Zone Champions		
Czechoslovakia Pakistan	Czechoslovakia (5-0) Denmark	Denmark (4-1)	Italy (4-1)	Italy (3-2)	Italy (5-0)		
Poland Austria	Poland (3-2) Italy	Italy (5-0)					
Finland Ireland	Ireland (4-1) Germany	Germany (4-1)	France (4-1)				
Luxembourg Switzerland	Switzerland (3-2) France	France (5-0)					
Morocco Spain	Spain (3-2) Belgium	Belgium (4-1)	Sweden (4-1)				
Norway Israel	Norway (4-1) Sweden	Sweden (5-0)	Sweden (4-1)				
Yugoslavia Egypt	Yugoslavia (4-1) Great Britain	Great Britain (5-0)				Great Britain (3-2)	
Turkey Netherlands	Netherlands (5-0) Chile	Chile (5-0)					

AMERICAN ZONE

Canada British West Indies	Canada (5-0) United States				
	Brazil Mexico	Mexico (4-1)			

EASTERN ZONE

India Ceylon	India (5-0) Japan	India (5-0)			
-----------------	----------------------	-------------	--	--	--

AUSTRALIA, Davis Cup holder, will fight it out with one of above five challengers

To play: Italy beat Sweden to become the European champion for the second straight year. Mexico will play the winner of the coming world's match between the United States and Canada to crown an American Zone

champion. American and European champions will then battle—the winner to play the Eastern Zone survivor (India) for the right to face Australia in Adelaide, December 22-23, for the Davis Cup.



SENIOR DAVIS CUPPER Vic Seixas is being rested for first match with Canada.



MAIN AMERICAN HOPE is for Ham Richardson to lead big game like Trabert's.



LEFT-HANDED Art Larsen is another able veteran whose top form is needed.

United States tennis fathers face a dramatic dilemma
as they search for the right team to travel the long

ROAD TO ADELAIDE

OF THE 32 nations challenging Australia for the Davis Cup this year, only five are still "alive." They are Italy (which just last week won the European Zone title from Sweden), India, Canada, Mexico and the U.S. We now are entering the showdown phase of these international eliminations, and it's been 20 years since the pressure was so heavy on our boys.

We have a patchwork squad of veterans and untried youngsters. During the next few weeks we face an arduous period of experimentation, hard work and hope while priming for four tests, any one of which could be disastrous, leading up to the Challenge Round (see opposite page).

In the past the United States, which hasn't missed a Challenge Round since 1968, has swept through its earlier Davis Cup assignments like a ring champion bowling over set-ups. At times we have played our secondary men against some rivals, preserving our big punch for the climactic matches.

This time we aren't in a position to take any of our rivals lightly. We can't

jeopardize our chances of entering the Challenge Round, which means about \$30,000 in added revenue to finance our tennis program. But we must experiment with our best combinations in an effort to find a winning formula for the big bout with the Aussies.

With no standout player, as Tony Trabert was a year ago, and no set doubles team to replace the Trabert-Seixas combination, we have problems.

The present Davis Cup squad can be divided into veterans and youngsters. Vic Seixas, 32, a Davis Cupper since 1953, heads the former, with Art Larsen, 31; Herbert Flam, 27; Gilbert Shem, 27; and Hans Richardson, 22. The rookies include: Allen Morris, 24; Whitney Reed, 22; Sam Giammalva, 21; Barry McKay, 20; Earl Baumgardner, 19; and two 18-year-olds—Ron Holmberg and Arthur Andrews.

There is strong pressure from some quarters to ditch the Old Guard completely and start building with the youngsters immediately. But this would endanger our chances of getting into the Challenge Round.

Against Canada this weekend, we go with a combination of oldsters and "kids": Richardson, Flam, Holmberg and McKay. This benches Seixas, our top dog, and Larsen, another steady veteran, but gives us a good chance to experiment without too much risk.

Canada almost certainly will use Bob Bedard, the Dominion's No. 1 player, and Don Fontana, both experienced Cup players. But I am confident we can win this test. Also we should be able to take Mexico, although Gustavo Palafox, the stormy petrel of Mexican tennis, could be troublesome if he calls off his sit-down strike against the country's tennis brass.

Palafox, who upset Seixas in an American Zone match two years ago, is at odds with the officials over expense monies.

Italy, with Nicola Pietrangeli and Giuseppe Meola, will then be a tough nut for us to crack. If we make it, there will still be India. There's no room for complacency here, either.

Ramanathan Krishnan, India's 19-year-old phenom, has improved immeasurably during the past year. This was shown at Wimbledon where he upset Jaroslav Drobny, the old pro who won at Wimbledon in 1954. The other Indian team member, Veteran Naresk Kumar, is 28 and a sound player.

Any way you look at it, there's a hard summer ahead for the Yank Davis Cuppers—two summers, counting the one in Australia—and this is one time the U.S. Captain could use some of Casey Stengel's "hunch" powers.

They'd come in handy when we start shuffling our men around. (RR)



SPORADIC Herb Flam can emerge the winner when his soft shots are dropping in.



BROOKLYN BORN Ron Holmberg will be youngsters' hope when U.S. plays Canada.



ANOTHER GAMBLE on youth is represented by College Star Barry McKay.

Already the home of two costly and aristocratic stallions
who flew in from Europe this month, the U.S. now bids a

WELCOME TO TULYAR

Jaws dropped last week when a group of businessmen paid \$2½ million for the Detroit baseball club. But that money secured title to a fine piece of real estate, to the contracts of 25 major league pros and to innumerable other finger properties. But last week, when 13 American breeders took delivery of an article for which they had paid \$672,000. The article was just one horse called Tulyar, and he brought nothing with him except four shoes and a blue-blooded lineage which would put a belted earl to shame.

Humphrey Finney, who writes this description of Tulyar's safe transfer from Ireland to Kentucky, is the president of Fanig-Tipton Co., Inc., which has been established in New York since 1888 and is the only company to sell Thoroughbred race horses by auction all over the U.S. His report:

ON THREE successive Mondays three stallions, totaling in value approximately \$2 million, have arrived in New York at the teeming Idlewild Airport. Following Solar Slipper and My Baba there came last week Europe's greatest money-winning Thoroughbred, the brown Tulyar, winner of nine races and \$217,927. For Tulyar, who had shown his brilliance on the race course by winning Britain's Epsom Derby, St. Leger and Eclipse Stakes among other races, 13 American breeders laid down the sum of \$672,000, a record figure for a stallion. The outcries offered to Americans by the combination of the best in European bloodlines, plus an excellent record of racing ability in his direct female line of descent, added to the attractiveness of the stallion.

Tulyar's career has been a matter of public interest on numerous occasions. Bred by the Aga Khan at the Sheehoon Stud in County Kildare, this handsome brown son of Tehran and Necessity by Nearco was trained by Marcus Marsh at Newmarket and was sold at the end of his 3-year-old career to the Irish government for approxi-

mately \$700,000. There was great to-do in the Dail, Eire's parliament, with considerable debate as to whether an impoverished country should spend such a vast sum on a race horse. The rightness of the purchase has been proved by the Irish government's receiving the benefit of three years' use of the horse and then selling him at approximately his cost. There are, nonetheless, many Irish breeders who deplore the horse's sale and departure for America. Said Frank Tuthill, a lead-

ing Irish breeder and Steward of The Jockey Club, "This has been our greatest Thoroughbred loss in many years." Ireland's leading veterinarian, Dr. Max Cosgrave, was another who expressed regret over the move. "This is a grand horse, a perfect gentleman. All his foals look alike. He is bound to be a great asset to American breeding."

Tulyar had stood since retirement at stud in the little village of Tully, where the Irish National Stud has been located since taking over the property from the British government in 1948. It was a matter of grave importance to the locality when Tulyar was loaded at 6 o'clock one evening last week. Following him from the stall to the ramp, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, were not less than 250 persons, gathered to wish him well. It was noted that not only was the local parish priest on hand but his Anglican counterpart as well, with additional clerical support from the adjacent cathedral town of Kildare. The local gentry, Irish breeders, farmers and even mothers trailing



HOUSED SNUGLY in portable stall aboard Pan American Clipper, Tulyar sips water from bucket held by Traveling Groom Douglas Cernack. Stallion took the flight calmly.

baby carriages followed in Tulyar's wake.

Tulyar, apparently quite aware that he was the star of the show, marched regally up the road, surveyed the van and proceeded immediately up the ramp. In Ireland all movement of horses is handled by the government's road transport division, which had sent its best horse box for the occasion. It was an easy four-hour trip to Limerick, and then on to Shannon, where Wing Commander Tina Vigors, who had acted as agent in the sale, was on hand to see the horse loaded on Pan American's Clipper flight for New York and Lexington.

The DC-6, in command of a veteran pilot, Captain Freeman Ricketts, awaited its distinguished passenger. One lone portable stall, about three feet wide, seven feet long and five foot six at the sides, was lashed to ringbolts on the plane's floor. Emerging from the side door of his box, Tulyar stood a moment, glanced over the plane from stem to stern, walked down one ramp and up the longer steep incline to the plane's cargo port and disappeared from view of the onlookers. Accompanying him was Matthew Lynch, for 44 years a stallion groom at the Irish National Stud and never before either out of Ireland or on a plane. The latter obviously had more doubts about the trip than had Tulyar, who proceeded to chew on his hay. At 12:40 a.m. Irish time (7:40 p.m. E.D.T.) we were off for America.

Our traveling companions were Colonel Floyd Sager, retired United States Army veterinarian, now resident at the Claiborne Farm in Paris, Kentucky, Tulyar's American home, and the Vigors' traveling groom, Douglas Cormack, a youngster who was making his 15th trip across the ocean with horses. With a 65-foot-by-10-foot floor space, and 8½ feet of head room, there was ample area for us to stroll around and relax on bales of hay for beds. In addition, the galley supplied anything needed in the way of food, and a couple of regular passenger seats were in the plane.

Tulyar showed some slight nervousness at the moment of take-off which immediately passed, and never a foot did he move or a hair turn in the 12½ hours of the flight to New York. The grooms offered him water from time to time, but he consumed no more than half a bucket throughout the trip. The hay net was more something to be played with than eaten from, not more than 10 pounds being consumed en route—which is rather light for such a powerful horse. Tulyar is an inveterate



ENJOYING FREEDOM after 20-hour journey from Ireland, Tulyar gets in some brisk exercise at new home in Kentucky as A. B. Hancock, one of 11 co-owners, supervises.

consumer of Mr. Guinness' famous product. A supply of the latter seemed to be the only thing lacking in the plane for the horse's comfort.

DISTINGUISHED IMMIGRANT

Arriving in New York, Tulyar never moved as the plane touched land but was much interested when the representatives of the Public Health Service came aboard to inspect crew and passengers. In a novel method of procedure Tulyar was transferred from the stall he had occupied to a new, disinfected one put aboard at Idlewild. All surplus hay, refuse and the spare stall were removed from the plane, and the plane was fumigated before clearance could be had for Lexington, Kentucky.

The trip to Lexington took three hours and was as uneventful as the ocean crossing. At America's horse-breeding capital, Syndicate Manager A. B. Hancock Jr. was awaiting Tulyar's arrival. The horse set foot on American soil for the first time at 2:40 p.m. C.D.T. He was immediately reloaded in a van and taken to Paris, where he arrived at 4 p.m. Thus, in 23 hours to the minute after leaving his stall at County Kildare, Tulyar was turned out at Claiborne Farm where his neighbors—Nasrullah, Hill Prince, Ambiorix, Princequillo, Turn-to and the rest—were rushing around their paddocks expressing considerable interest in the newcomer. Obviously horrified

by such a radical procedure was Matt Lynch, who predicted dire results from such unorthodox treatment. Not so Tulyar, who jumped and kicked, reared around and enjoyed his freedom but soon settled down to enjoy a taste of bluegrass.

Quizzed about Tulyar's status, Mr. Hancock advised that the stallion would stand at an advertised stud fee of \$10,000 to any outside mare lucky enough to get nominations to his court. Ownership is vested in a syndicate of 32 shares. Holding four shares each are Mr. Hancock, Harry F. Guggenheim, John D. Herts and Ogden Phipps. J. S. Phipps has three shares, while John W. Hanes, Howell Jackson, Howard Koch, Mrs. H. C. Phipps and Roger Williams each have two. Single interests are held by Charlton Clay, Thomas M. Girdler and Warner Jones Jr.

The over-all cost of shipping Tulyar from Ireland to Kentucky came to some \$5,000. In accordance with practice, the horse was insured against death for about 4% of his value. Policies are not issued against illness or injury, even if the accident is such as to make the horse incapable of rendering the services for which he was acquired. But in the event of an injury so bad that the horse has to be destroyed, insurance may be collected.

So the purchase and shipment of a Thoroughbred is always a gamble. This one, so far, has come off well. **AND**

**TURN THE PAGE FOR A REPORT FROM ARLINGTON PARK ON
GREEK GARD'S VICTORY IN THE ARLINGTON FUTURITY**

ONE FOR THE FUTURE BOOK

Greek Game takes the Arlington juvenile classic, adding to the joy of the Midwest's pampered, nongambling fans

WHEN THE HORSES reached the clubhouse turn the sport-shirted man and his housedressed wife and his blue-jeaned son were all on their feet. "Come on, Greek Game," they shouted, practically as one. The child, a frisky colt of about 8 (some two-thirds of the major tracks in the U.S., including those in Illinois, admit children), spilled a few drops of his chocolate soda as he waved it imperiously toward the finish line. Greek Game rolled under the wire, and the family trio's joy was complete. "What a horse," shouted the husband. "Goes like a machine," said the wife. "He runs fast," said the boy.

An interested bystander couldn't resist asking a personal question. "Did you have a big bet down?" he asked the husband.

"Bet?" said the sport-shirted man. "Who bets?"

Who bets, indeed, at Chicago's mammoth Arlington Park, home of pampered customers, luxuriating jockeys and contented horses? The answer is: lots of people, but not everybody. Many a customer is happy to kick in \$2 for a clubhouse seat just for the privilege of watching the horses run. As Chicago *Daily News Sports* Editor John Carmichael once remarked after forgetting his pass and paying his money like the commonfolk, "This is such a beautiful track you can afford to take a small loss before the races even start. It's a pleasure to pay your way in." Greater admiration hath no pampered sportswriter.

Credit for creating this race-track-as-Elysium goes to a mild-mannered well-to-do 54-year-old businessman named Benjamin F. (for Franklin) Lindheimer. Starting in an atmosphere of apathy and downright pessimism, Lindheimer singlehandedly destroyed the old canard that Chicago and the Midwest were "the graveyard of horse racing." If a few Midwest tracks are still dismal operations, that's because Lindheimer

can't be everywhere at once. Veteran Jockey Johnny Adams says, "A lot of Midwest tracks in the days before Mr. Lindheimer were crummy, run-down places. They were nothing but open-air roulette wheels. There's a few like that left, but not many, thanks to him."

In all, Lindheimer (he and his associates own Arlington and Washington Parks) shelled out \$12 million in 13 years for improvements, and he plans to spend \$3.5 million more in the coming year. Biggest winner was the customer. As Lindheimer points out: "We had to gear everything to the \$2 bettor. There aren't many big spenders here, and we can't depend on wealthy vacationers the way California and New Jersey and Florida tracks do. Who vacations in Chicago? We're dealing with the machinist, the clerk and the farmer, and we try to make it nice for them." Evidently Lindheimer succeeds. Last year's average daily mutual handle at

Arlington and Washington ranked ninth and 10th in the nation in terms of average daily mutual betting—and most of it from the "little man."

The \$2 bettor boards a Chicago & Northwestern train downtown, is whisked to Arlington Park in 35 minutes. He walks several hundred feet under a shed, pays his money, climbs on one of the park's 16 escalators. He is neither rained upon nor required to climb a single step. If he has driven to the track, he has 15,000 parking places to choose from (one spot for every two seats in the stands). If his car breaks down, it is serviced free by an emergency repair crew. If he has been forced to park on a distant backlot, he buses to the grandstand and buses back after the races. If he wants to bet, he has a 320-foot mutual line waiting for his convenience.

By next year the Lindheimer operation also will have set the pace in air-conditioning and heating. Washington Park already is air-conditioned by the two largest portable refrigeration units in the world. Arlington Park will have the same setup in 1957. At Washington Park, where spring racing can be a chilly pastime, Lindheimer's engineers set up "hot air curtains" in front and back of the main grandstand. Blowers spaced every 30 feet discharge downward blasts of warm air.

Net result of all this crafty kindness has been a resurgence of interest in Thoroughbred racing in an area once considered a horseman's wasteland. So it was no surprise when a big crowd came to Arlington last week to watch



"Can you take her immediately? It's an emergency."

seven ambitious 2-year-olds go to the post for the 27th running of the \$140,000 Arlington Futurity, a race which in previous years has tipped handiappers to potential next-year winners of the Kentucky Derby, Belmont and Preakness (e.g., Hill Gail, winner of the Futurity in 1961, the Derby in 1962).

The question to be answered at this year's Futurity was: How good is Greek Game? The strapping, big-footed colt, 1,140 pounds heavy and 16 hands high, was tagged by Owner Fred W. Hooper "the fastest colt I've ever owned." Winner of his three previous starts, Greek Game had ripped five and a half furlongs in 1:04 $\frac{1}{2}$, four-fifths of a second off the track record, in beating All Speed for first place in the June 29 primer. Now he was matched with an English import named Ben Lomond, an impressive winner at Belmont, and five other fast sprinters. To complicate matters, the track was a slough of mud and water, and Greek Game was untested as a muddier.

GOOD MUGGER

The conditions didn't keep the crowd from running odds on the favorite all the way down to 1 to 5. Muddier or not, the combination of Greek Game and Willie Hartack looked unbeatable. It was. Greek Game was first out of the gate and led all the way around the comparatively dry first half mile. Then he sloshed into a final two-furlong stretch that gleamed like a Louisiana bayou. "Now we'll find out," somebody shouted. The big brown colt began to pull away. "He loves it," somebody else shouted, and under the wire leaped Greek Game, five lengths ahead of Jet Colonel, six ahead of Etonian. The time: 1:12 $\frac{1}{4}$, less than four seconds away from Hill Gail's track record of 1:08 $\frac{1}{2}$ and a remarkably fast pace for the six-furlong mash. The victory proved that the undefeated son of Olympia, like Arlington Park, can operate in any kind of weather. It also sent home in a happy frame of mind the noisetteing, sport-shirted husband and his enthusiastic family. (EWB)

—Jack O'Brien

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2 To Publishers, 6-11 - My Public, 11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-2222-2223-2224-2225-2226-2227-2228-2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-2262-2263-2264-2265-2266-2267-2268-2269-2270-2271-2272-2273-2274-2275-2276-2277-2278-2279-2280-2281-2282-2283-2284-2285-2286-2287-2288-2289-2290-2291-2292-2293-2294-2295-2296-2297-2298-2299-2300-2301-2302-2303-2304-2305-2306-2307-2308-2309-2310-2311-2312-2313-2314-2315-2316-2317-2318-2319-2320-2321-2322-2323-2324-2325-2326-2327-2328-2329-2330-2331-2332-2333-2334-2335-2336-2337-2338-2339-2340-2341-2342-2343-2344-2345-2346-2347-2348-2349-2350-2351-2352-2353-2354-2355-2356-2357-2358-2359-2360-2361-2362-2363-2364-2365-2366-2367-2368-2369-2370-2371-2372-2373-2374-2375-2376-2377-2378-2379-2380-2381-2382-2383-2384-2385-2386-2387-2388-2389-2390-2391-2392-2393-2394-2395-2396-2397-2398-2399-2400-2401-2402-2403-2404-2405-2406-2407-2408-2409-2410-2411-2412-2413-2414-2415-2416-2417-2418-2419-2420-2421-2422-2423-2424-2425-2426-2427-2428-2429-2430-2431-2432-2433-2434-2435-2436-2437-2438-2439-2440-2441-2442-2443-2444-2445-2446-2447-2448-2449-2450-2451-2452-2453-2454-2455-2456-2457-2458-2459-2460-2461-2462-2463-2464-2465-2466-2467-2468-2469-2470-2471-2472-2473-2474-2475-2476-2477-2478-2479-2480-2481-2482-2483-2484-2485-2486-2487-2488-2489-2490-2491-2492-2493-2494-2495-2496-2497-2498-2499-2500-2501-2502-2503-2504-2505-2506-2507-2508-2509-2510-2511-2512-2513-2514-2515-2516-2517-2518-2519-2520-2521-2522-2523-2524-2525-2526-2527-2528-2529-2530-2531-2532-2533-2534-2535-2536-2537-2538-2539-2540-2541-2542-2543-2544-2

MILWAUKEE BRAVES

continued from page 11

in the league in ERA. He has a peculiar motion and can throw all these of his standard pitches—the curve, fast ball and slider—with any one of three deliveries—overhand, three-quarters or side-arm. And in addition Burdette has probably the best sinker in baseball.

Buhl, who won 13 games and had the third best ERA in the league in 1933, would undoubtedly have done even better last year (13 wins again) with a little more control. Now he has the control. "He still walks quite a few," admits Catcher Crandall, "but this year, whenever he has to, he has been able to get the ball where he wants it." And now, for the first time, Buhl has picked up the experience and confidence necessary to go with his great physical abilities.

Spain, the only left-hander of the five, has of course been one of baseball's best pitchers during the last decade and still is. He is fast, his control is beautiful to watch, and he gets more cunning every year.

Conley, now apparently recovered from his spring training woes, has

stepped back in to show that same big sweeping motion that made him virtually unbeatable last year. When he comes off the mound, opposing batters sometimes get the panicky feeling that he might reach right out and hand the ball to the catcher without even throwing it at all. And Cronk, who like the others has at least three different pitches and gets them all over with remarkable control, is frankly looked upon by everyone connected with the Milwaukee team as the best young pitching prospect in baseball.

The Braves pitching does not end even here. The bullpen is solid and behind the starting five there are at least two youngsters—Bob Trowbridge and Taylor Phillips—just itching to beat somebody out for a regular job.

But even such a superb pitching staff as this has become might not be able, all alone, to carry a team forever. Through the early months of the season they did just that when only Bill Bruten, of all the batsmen, was able to resemble a major league hitter at the plate. But just when it appeared

that the superior stickwork of the Cincinnati Redlegs was going to carry them away from the pack, the Braves began to find the range, too. Or at least two of them did—Aaron and Adcock. And the way these two have been hitting, it has begun to look like that might be enough.

Aaron, of course, was no surprise. Of all the fine-looking youngsters in the National League, none has been chasing a ticket to the Hall of Fame with any more singleness of purpose than this slender 22-year-old from the mud flats of Mobile. He began the season slowly, but Hanes just looked at this young man with the wrist-popping swing and said, "He's still below his potential. He's a .330 hitter—at least—and I haven't the slightest doubt that he'll be up there before long." Last weekend Aaron was hitting .338, second in the National League—and still climbing.

HOW LONG?

The Braves hoped that Adcock would hit, too, and—if he did—they knew he would hit hard. But as always with the big first baseman, the question was not so much when as if—and even then how long it would last. For in his six previous big league seasons, Adcock had gained fame only as one of the most dangerous streak hitters in baseball when hot; when cold, he was virtually useless. On July 31, 1934 he hit four home runs in one game, yet hit a total of only 23 all season. Last year he hit only 15, although it is true that he missed almost half of the season after a Jim Hearn pitch broke his arm. But this year, although hale and hearty once again, he was hitting only .197 in mid-May when Grimm mercifully benched him in place of Rookie Torre.

But the night of June 14, in a losing cause, Adcock banged out a pinch-hit home run, and perhaps only because of this, Grimm reinstated him to the starting lineup in his last official act as manager. Since then, no one has been able to get him out.

The next day, using a lightweight bat borrowed from Carl Furillo, he hit three home runs in a double-header against the Dodgers, including one Gargantuan smash which propelled the first ball in history over the left-field roof at Ebbets Field. Furillo, undoubtedly feeling much like the man who locked the back door too late, reclaimed his bat and probably did it, but by then the damage was done. Adcock ordered up a batch of light bats of his own and kept right on hitting home runs. Back home in Milwaukee after the All-



Star Game, he personally beat the Dodgers four times in three days with a home run in each game. The following afternoon, with the Braves seeking their sixth straight victory in the second game of a double-header against the Pirates, Adcock came to bat in the fourth inning with two out and the game tied 1-1. "If he hits one now," said a Milwaukee fan in a magazine box seat, "they'll give him the keys to the city." So Adcock hit one, far into the left-field bleachers, which was all Phillips needed to hang up his victory, and the man in the box seat, after crushing his neighbor's hat, said, "I think I'll give him those keys myself."

That was Adcock's 17th home run of the year and eighth in nine games. The next day, while awaiting batting practice, he was startled by the appearance of a young head hanging over the top of the Braves dugout which said, "That's baby, Joe. You're the real power of our team." Joe waved back with a grin. "That is much better," he said happily to a teammate, watching the head disappear. "Than what they were calling me a couple of weeks ago." And Fred Haney, who had been slipping around with a big toe swollen up the size of an egg after a nocturnal encounter with a bedpost at home, admitted that although "most of the time it hurts like heck, every time Adcock hits one of those home runs, it's like getting an anesthetic. When the ball goes over the fence, that toe just automatically feels real good for a while."

These are no pop-fly home runs either, for Albeck has always been a long-distance slugger and perhaps the only thing that has kept his shower drives from being clasped with those of Mickey Vernon is the fact that Braves Publicist Don Davidson doesn't own a tape measure. Joe once drove the only ball in history into the center-field bleachers at the Polo Grounds. His first-game home run the night of July 13 against the Dodgers was a line drive which landed at least 30 feet past the center-field fence and became famous almost immediately as "the longest ball ever hit in County Stadium." And last week when he personally terrorized the Giants, Milwaukee fans will always believe that the rain which held up the game for an hour and a half that afternoon was brought on directly by Joe's first-inning grand-slam home run.

The Ruben Garner affair (see page #7) simply illustrated the second of the two worries the Braves must live with constantly where their big slugger is concerned. The first is he always

present possibility that Adcock will slip back into one of his protracted slumps. But sometimes the bean ball is an even bigger worry, for Joe Adcock is a man who draws them like Milwaukee suds draw flies. Adcock crowds the plate with a tight, closed stance. He is big (8 feet 4 inches), heavy (230 pounds) and not a quick drawer.

So varied and assorted pitches each year plunk off Adcock's cranium and shoulders and arms and legs with almost monotonous regularity, and probably only his native Louisiana toughness has kept him from permanent injury. In August 1954, the day after Adcock hit the four home runs, Clem Labine bounced a pitch off his head and, in this instance, only a protective helmet saved his life. In September of the same year, Don Newcombe hit him with a pitch which broke his left thumb and put him on the sidelines the rest of the year. And then, on July 31, 1955, the pitch of Hearn's which fractured his arm caused Adcock to miss nearly 70 games as he sat out the rest of that year. Too.

had become so bad that Joe's major problem in baseball is not to break Babe Ruth's home run record but merely to finish a season.

But accidents can happen to anyone at any moment in hotels and it does no good to worry about them in advance. The only big worry in Milwaukee just now is: Can Milwaukee stay on there?

"The race," says practicing personalist Haney, "will probably go down to the last week—or maybe even the last day. None of the three leading clubs is so much stronger than the other two that it can open up a big lead and hold it."

But he says this a little less emphatically than he did just two weeks ago. And all over Milwaukee the hotels are beginning to receive reservations for the World Series which, to Milwaukeeans, is not a surprising thing at all. For almost four years they have been making the same plans themselves.

So this may be the Braves' year. Meanwhile, Fred Haney's big toe is feeling better all the time. (C.H.R.)

X-RAY

TEAM PERFORMANCES				TEAM LEADERS			
Division	Rank	Points	Games	Player	Points	Rebounds	Assists
Atlantic	1	100	10	John Smith	25	12	8
Central	2	95	12	Mike Johnson	22	10	6
South	3	90	11	Sarah Davis	20	9	5
West	4	85	9	David Wilson	18	8	4
North	5	80	8	Emily Brown	15	7	3
East	6	75	7	Chris Green	12	6	2
Midwest	7	70	6	Alex White	10	5	1
Southwest	8	65	5	Olivia Black	8	4	1
Northwest	9	60	4	Noah Grey	7	3	0
Central West	10	55	3	Isabella King	6	2	0
Atlantic South	11	50	2	Liam Hall	5	1	0
Central East	12	45	1	Mia Young	4	1	0
South West	13	40	1	Ethan Scott	3	0	0
West North	14	35	1	Ava Baker	2	0	0
North East	15	30	1	Lucas Adams	1	0	0
East South	16	25	1	Sophia Lewis	1	0	0
Midwest West	17	20	1	Benjamin Clark	1	0	0
South East	18	15	1	Charlotte Hall	1	0	0
North West	19	10	1	Leo King	1	0	0
Central South	20	5	1	Aria Young	1	0	0

HEROES AND GOATS

[illegible]

1990-1991 4240



A great company of professional and amateur champions in all leading sports is working to raise money needed for research into paraplegia. Within the amateur group, the Babe Ruth League has pledged itself to raise \$50,000 for this cause. I congratulate them for their unselfish devotion.

Paraplegia and quadriplegia result from severe spinal injury. Paralysis from the neck or waist down was nearly always fatal until much was learned about treatment and retaining during World War II. Today 5,000 veterans get about in wheelchairs and on crutches, most of them working full or part time.

For civilians injured in highway, industrial or sporting accidents, there are a few—too few—splendid pioneering institutions. Each case costs about \$45,000.

I'd like you to know about Steve Harshfield. Steve always loved sports, basketball, swimming, breakdancing, and was a crack shot with his 18 gauge. After several seasons of midge baseball, he played catcher on the Rapid City Stars under American Legion sponsorship. Steve had his Merit Badge for life saving. Then came his accident. He suffered a broken neck diving into a shallow creek. His spinal cord was severed. Paralysis was immediate. He was given little chance to survive. Thanks to stellar care at the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation in New York, Steve made a successful recovery—as a wheelchair quadriplegic. Now 15, Steve attends Widney High School for the Handicapped in Los Angeles, keeping his alert interest in friends, studies and sports. But we know, and Steve knows, that the only real hope for those who suffer a spinal injury is in new discoveries through research.

Began by the Paralyzed Veterans of America, this research fund is administered by a group of leading doctors at the nation's top medical schools. Nearly \$100,000 in grants has been given to brilliant young

surgeons, neurologists and research men at Yale, Indiana, Southern California, Harvard, Duke, Wisconsin, Illinois, Oklahoma, and Cambridge Universities for their study of the still mysterious ways in which the brain and spinal cord behave.

Will you help in one or more of the following ways:

3. In many instances, leagues, associations and clubs have indicated willingness to hold special events with net proceeds donated to the Foundation.

Joe Dr. Maggia



Best Joe DiMaggio.
Our organization, the
will gladly arrange for the All Sports Committee to appeal to
spectators at our game.

```

on _____ (day of week), _____ (date of month)
of _____

```

We want to hold a special event for the benefit of the All Jersey Committee.

I want personally to support the All Sports Committee. Enclosed is my gift of \$_____ for research and professional education on our local issues.

Name	Address	City	State	Zip
Mr. J. H. Smith	123 Main St.	Springfield	Ill.	62761
Mr. W. R. Jones	456 Oak Ave.	Chicago	Ill.	60601
Mr. T. L. Brown	789 Elm St.	Peoria	Ill.	61601
Mr. S. K. White	101 Maple Dr.	Rockford	Ill.	61101
Mr. M. D. Green	202 Pine Ln.	Decatur	Ill.	62521
Mr. L. P. Black	303 Cedar St.	Normal	Ill.	62451
Mr. R. G. Gray	404 Birch Ave.	Urbana	Ill.	61501
Mr. H. B. Hall	505 Walnut St.	Champaign	Ill.	61821
Mr. F. C. King	606 Spruce Dr.	Carbondale	Ill.	62901
Mr. D. E. Lee	707 Ash Ln.	Macomb	Ill.	61451
Mr. C. F. Scott	808 Hickory St.	Edwardsville	Ill.	62021
Mr. A. G. Walker	909 Poplar Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. N. H. Young	1010 Sycamore Dr.	St. Charles	Mo.	63301
Mr. J. I. Allen	1111 Chestnut St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. K. L. Wright	1212 Locust Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. P. M. Hill	1313 Olive St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. Q. N. Baker	1414 Madison Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. R. O. Evans	1515 Franklin St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. S. P. Carter	1616 Washington Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. T. Q. Mitchell	1717 Jefferson Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. U. R. Roberts	1818 Adams St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. V. S. Turner	1919 Monroe Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. W. T. Phillips	2020 Taylor St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. X. U. Campbell	2121 Lincoln Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. Y. V. Parker	2222 Clark St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. Z. W. Evans	2323 Adams Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. A. X. Roberts	2424 Jefferson Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. B. Y. Mitchell	2525 Washington St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. C. Z. Turner	2626 Madison Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. D. A. Phillips	2727 Franklin Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. E. B. Campbell	2828 Taylor St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. F. C. Parker	2929 Lincoln Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. G. D. Evans	3030 Clark Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. H. E. Roberts	3131 Adams St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. I. F. Mitchell	3232 Jefferson Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. J. G. Turner	3333 Washington Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. K. H. Phillips	3434 Madison St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. L. I. Campbell	3535 Franklin Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. M. J. Parker	3636 Taylor Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. N. K. Evans	3737 Lincoln St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. O. L. Roberts	3838 Clark Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. P. M. Mitchell	3939 Adams Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. Q. N. Turner	4040 Jefferson St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. R. O. Phillips	4141 Washington Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. S. P. Campbell	4242 Madison Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. T. Q. Parker	4343 Franklin St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. U. R. Evans	4444 Taylor Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. V. S. Roberts	4545 Lincoln Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. W. T. Mitchell	4646 Clark St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. X. U. Turner	4747 Adams Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. Y. V. Phillips	4848 Jefferson Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. Z. W. Campbell	4949 Washington St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. A. X. Parker	5050 Madison Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. B. Y. Evans	5151 Franklin Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. C. Z. Roberts	5252 Taylor St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. D. A. Mitchell	5353 Lincoln Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. E. B. Turner	5454 Clark Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. F. C. Phillips	5555 Adams St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. G. D. Campbell	5656 Jefferson Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. H. E. Parker	5757 Washington Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. I. F. Evans	5858 Madison St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. J. G. Roberts	5959 Franklin Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. K. H. Mitchell	6060 Taylor Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. L. I. Turner	6161 Lincoln St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. M. J. Phillips	6262 Clark Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. N. K. Campbell	6363 Adams Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. O. L. Parker	6464 Jefferson St.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. P. M. Evans	6565 Washington Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.	63101
Mr. Q. N. Roberts	6666 Madison Dr.	St. Louis	Mo.	

Please make checks payable to the National Paralegals Foundation, Inc.
(All contributions are deductible from taxable income.)

THE MANAGER

continued from page 31

"I don't know," said the Manager. "A knoodle's been around for a long time. Who knows where it comes from? All you need to know is what it means."

"Then, roughly," I said, checking my notes, "you have name fighters, club fighters, tomato cans, dogs and knoodles."

"Roughly," said the Manager, a bit bored by the questioning. "But you got to remember this. A name fighter can be a dog or a knoodle too. Knoodle and dog is, maybe, a quality. That's it, perhaps more of a quality. Though that isn't right either. For example, Rocky Castellani is a name fighter, right? Castellani, maybe he's got a little too much dog in him than's good for him. Left, right, then hold. The referee breaks them. Castellani does the same thing. Left, right, then hold."

It was getting close to 2. We walked back to Stillman's. The Fighter and the Trainer were there. The four of us walked up Eighth Avenue and over to a steak house on Central Park South.

"After the steak," the Manager said, dropping back to talk to me, "we'll walk him around for a couple of blocks. Let him digest it better."

The headwaiter greeted us in the restaurant. "He's fighting in the Garden tonight," said the Manager, pointing to the Fighter. The Fighter smiled, the headwaiter appeared pleased. He gave us a table on the side and took care of us himself. The Manager ordered for the Fighter first.

"A steak, a good thick one," he said, holding up two fingers side by side to indicate the desired thickness. "No horse meat. A good steak. Medium rare. Medium rare, right?"

"Medium rare," said the Fighter.

"And a pot of tea and some toast too," said the Manager. "A little salad, just lettuce and tomato, on the side. Nothing on the salad for him." The headwaiter left with the order.

"In boxing," the Manager said, "you are only as big as your fighter. Don't forget that. Write that down. A man-

ager is only as big as his fighter." If the fighter's a bum, the manager's a bum. Now you take a guy like Bill Daly. A helluva manager. You people get all upset when he had the trouble with Martinez, right? Don't get so upset. Martinez had no right to break away. And don't give me this stuff about the contract ending. Believe me, he had no right. If he did, I would tell you. You know what happened there? Martinez was a piece of nothing when Daly got him. A piece of nothing! And Daly moved him. He moved him! How Daly moved that piece of nothing. Only a Daly, a helluva manager, could move a piece of nothing like that. He fed him one bum after another. Real tomato cans. Who did Martinez fight, really? Nobody. It was beautiful. A helluva manager Daly, moving that far with a piece of nothing. And what happens? The old man and the brother—who know nothing, but nothing, about boxing—they move in and want to manage the fighter. They want to manage the fighter! It was awful, I tell you. That's why no manager would

continued on next page



"I don't have to do it, but I do it"

THE MANAGER

continued from page 45

fight Martinez. Forget about the Guild. I know all about the Guild. But every manager felt that way about Martinez. They seen what Daly does, and they lost fighters like that. It's terrible to lose a fighter. Just when Daly had made something out of this piece of nothing, the family wants to take over. Finally, they get their senses back when nobody won't fight them, and they give the kid back to Daly. Even the fighter believes in Daly—and he don't know what happened! And it's Daly who done it all. Now Martinez believes in himself so much I wouldn't be surprised if he won the title. Daly maneuvered that kid like nothing, and there isn't a manager in boxing who don't know it. A helluva manager."

Table Talk

The Fighter was half through his steak before the Manager and the Trainer ordered. The Manager ordered langos. The Trainer ordered a bowl of soup. I had cheesecake.

"How do you feel? Okay?" the Manager asked the Fighter.

"All right," said the Fighter.

"That's my boy," said the Manager. "Not a nerve in his body. A real class fighter."

The Fighter smiled.

"You got him tonight," said the Manager, doubling up his fist and grinning.

"I'll try," said the Fighter.

"That's what I like to hear," said the Manager. "With you, I'm going to move."

The headwaiter brought our orders. No one spoke much; in fact, the Manager made the only remark while we were eating.

"That soup sounds good," he said to the Trainer.

"Funny man," said the Trainer, looking up from the bowl.

When we finished, the Manager paid the check and tipped the headwaiter \$3. "Now we walk a little. Digest that steak," he said. We walked down and over to Eighth and 35th. There the Manager told the Trainer to take the Fighter back to the hotel. He gave the Fighter money for a cab and said he would see them at the hotel at 7:15. They hailed a cab and left.

I asked the Manager why he had given the Fighter cab money. He gave me an odd look. "I handle the money," he said. "Why should he pay the cab? It's none of his business."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Cause it ain't," the Manager said with emphasis. "Cause fighters don't bother with money. What I give him after the fight is his. That's it. I pay the expenses."

The Manager suggested that we go into a nearby cafeteria for coffee. "This money business," he said, after we had settled ourselves at a rear table with coffee, "I handle the money. One thing you should know. As I told you, I'm the general and he's the soldier. He knows the money business is my end. All he does is fight and get in shape."

"How much does the fighter get?" I asked.

"Let me explain it all to you," the Manager said, pushing his cup away.

"We'll go back to the beginning. You cut the fighter from the first. Know why? He knows then what's coming to him, he gets. What's coming to me, I get. What's coming to the trainer, he gets. Now the commission says that the cut is to be one-third for the manager, two-thirds for the fighter and the expenses of the top. The same with the money for the trainer, off the top. Okay. That's what the commission says. Now before the fighter even fights once, you got headaches. A manager's headaches. The manager has to lay out the gym dues. That's \$6. He's got to get the license and a doctor. That's \$10. Then you got to get a mouthpiece, a hand-fitted mouthpiece for each tooth. That's \$15. Then you got



"Two doors—one for a four, one for an eight"

to get for the fighter a headguard, gloves, skip rope, cup protector, punching bag, punching bag gloves. Altogether, these things come to \$70. That's just the initial things come to \$70. That's just the initial outlay. If he wants a robe, that's an extra \$25. All that's before the kid starts. If he quits, you're stuck all that money.

"Then there's the additional, additional headaches," the Manager continued. "Like borrowing money. I need a few dollars for room rent, for food. Whatever comes up. So you lend him. Comes the first fight and there's not enough money to take back. Or suppose he fights and he gets a bad eye cut and will be out for a month. You get to give him the whole purse—cause if you don't he's going to come back and borrow some. It's cheaper that way. Now the fighter will complain his wife got laid off, she lost her job, they haven't got the room rent. So you look to borrow from a friend or a shylock—if you can get it from a shylock cause shylocks don't trust managers—cause when the fighter is in action, you're in action.

"Okay, so now he's reached semi-final at the Garden," said the Manager. "Two days before the bout he fractures a thumb in the gym. Or he suffers a cut eye in training. Or he gets a virus. The bout is out, and the fighter, who's not working, needs more help from the manager. It's things like that that cost money."

"How do you cut up purses with your fighters?" I asked.

"Fifty-fifty," said the Manager.

"That's not legal," I said.

"Hell, I know it," said the Manager. "But I do it. I don't run and tell Hel-fund I do it, but I do it. Fifty-fifty."

"You want to know how I cut up the purse?" the Manager asked.

"Sure," I said.

"Okay," said the Manager, taking a sheet of paper. "Here. Let's take a \$5,000 purse, for example. It breaks down like this. We got \$5,000. Okay. Off the top, first 10% for the trainer. Right? Okay. Ten percent of \$5,000 is \$500. Now we subtract the \$500 from the \$5,000, and that leaves \$4,500," said the Manager, subtracting the \$500 from the \$5,000 on the sheet of paper. "Then, the expenses and training camp. Just for example, let's pick a round figure—\$800. Okay, subtract that from the top, and that leaves us with \$3,700. Okay. So now I take, say, \$200 the fighter owes me back. That's \$3,500 left. But I'm still not finished. Then I give, say, \$300 to the match-maker. I don't have to, but I do it.

Maybe I even give him a little more, figuring that maybe some other manager gives him \$400. Why do I do it? I don't have to. I want you to get that straight. There's nothing forcing me to give money to the matchmaker. But I do it on my own, cause that's the way the fight business is today. Fights is scarce, and when he's got a fight to fill, I want him to think of me maybe before the next guy. But I don't have to do it even though I do do it. Get that straight.

Rules for the newboys

"Okay. That leaves \$3,300. Out of that I give \$100, maybe \$200, to the newspapermen. Not all—but enough. I really don't have to do that either, but I better. One time I forgot and did they louse up my fighter! Did they? My fighter put up a good fight. He didn't win, but he put up a good fight. What did the newspapermen write? 'A bum, a crime, a mis-match.' This way, when I give them the money, they say, 'A good fight. Too bad he lost. Maybe there should be a rematch.'"

"How does it work. I mean, how do you do it?" I asked.

"You mean how I pay them?" said the Manager. "Like this," he said, reaching inside his coat for his wallet. "I take the bills like this," the Manager said, folding two \$20 bills neatly and pressing them into the palm of his right hand. "And after the fight, I go up and shake hands and say, 'How the hell are you?' The newspaperman, he shakes my hand like this," explained the Manager, slipping the money into my hand, "and says, 'Oh, I'm fine. That was a great fight your boy put up.' That's it. That's how it's done."

"So I give the \$200 to the newspapermen. We had \$3,200 left, so that leaves \$3,000. Now if I was to try to be legit now—and how could I tell Hel-fund that I gave \$200 to the newspapermen?—and cut the money, one-third, two-thirds, that would only give the fighter about \$2,000. Right? Now isn't it better that when I get the \$5,000 that I give him half right away? That's what I mean by 50-50. Understand? He's got \$2,500 that way, and he don't know nothing about the newspapermen or what else I do with the money. The 50-50 way means more money for the fighter. You know, sometimes, with a few postponements and things like that, they can wind up with a minus with a small purse. Then you have to give him a thousand maybe."

"If you do this," I asked, "how do

you make money? I'm sure you don't do it this way out of the goodness of your heart."

The Manager smiled. "Right. No goodness in my heart. You see when you move a fighter big and you get the big purse, then you make more. Say we was to get \$20,000. We cut down the middle. I get 15, the fighter gets 15. I take care of the expenses. But out of 15, the expenses aren't too heavy. That's how I get my end. Don't worry, I get my end."

"What about the gangsters? The hoodlums? Do they give you trouble?"

"The tough guys," said the Manager leaning toward me, "I do no business with them. Any fighter I move, I know I move. It's all me. I do the moving on my own with a fighter. That's why I have got no respect for managers who front for the tough guys. Like Hynde Wallman and Willie Ketchum. Both fronts. Both of them. Guys like that will step on you when you're down. All the time they're throwing their weight around because they're connected."

"I'll give you a story—a true story—about one of Carbo's fronts. Show you what a weasel he is. He takes his fighter out West to fight. Now Carbo has been cutting him pretty heavy lately. Don't let him have much dough at all. You know what this manager does? You know what? That louse figure he'll make it up on the expenses. So he starts putting down big breakfasts and things like that. After the fight he comes back here and sees Carbo. He looks at the list, and he gets the idea. 'You louse,' he says. And he hits the manager with a backhand across the mouth. 'Don't go padding no more expenses,' he tells him. I like to die laughing when I hear that. A true story, so help me. I got it straight. Now I ask you. How much can a guy like the manager take? He has to be a real louse. A louse."

I made an additional note on my pad. The Manager, like other managers, has a strict, but unscientific, semantic code. The word "louse" for example. When a manager says, "I think so-and-so is a louse," one automatically assumes the person concerned is a manager. Much the same applies when talking about gangsters. A manager always calls a gangster a "tough guy," or a "racket guy." It would be a gaff of the worst sort, for example, to call a promoter a "rotten louse." He would, more properly, be a "cheap crumb."

It was getting close to 5. "I'm tired of talking," said the Manager wearily.

continued on next page



"The barn rose up on me!"

THE MANAGER

continued from page 47

"First time in my life I'm tired of talking. Let's take a break. Let's go for a walk and maybe see the Fighter early."

"I have to go to the Garden," I said. "I'm going to buy a ticket for the fight."

"Take this," said the Manager, reaching into his wallet and giving me a boxer's pass.

"Thanks, but I'm going to buy a ringside."

"Then have this one," the Manager said, handing me a ringside ticket.

"No, I'll buy one."

"Don't be crazy," the Manager said. "Take it."

"Let me pay you for it."

"Take it," the Manager said insistently.

"Well, let me pay you for it at least."

"All right," said the Manager, sighing. "It's \$2.25. The tax is paid."

I gave the Manager the \$2.25. "Write eight bucks on your expenses," he said. "You'll need the dough if you get a kid."

We paid our checks and walked out. It was almost dark, and a bit chilly. We walked down Eighth, then swung east.

A half block from the hotel the Manager said, "I think Ketchum is maybe out front. Follow me later. Room 329." I ducked into a doorway and let the Manager go on alone. I gave him about five minutes, and then went into the hotel and up to the room.

The Trainer unlocked the door. The Fighter was on the bed, leafing through a copy of a magazine.

"You take this picture?" he asked.

"No, I don't take pictures," I said.

"I tol' ya he don't take pictures," the Trainer said.

"What you doin' then?" the Fighter asked me.

"He's writin' about us. You, me," said the Trainer, smiling.

"God forbid," said the Manager, slumped in a chair.

"What's he doin' then?" the Fighter asked again, pointing at me.

"Nothing," said the Manager. "Read the magazine. Look at television. Take it easy. Don't worry."

"Okay," said the Fighter in a hurt tone, and he turned back to the magazine.

"How you feel?" the Manager asked the Fighter a minute later. "You all right?"

"Okay," said the Fighter.

"Nethin' wrong wit' him," said the Trainer.

"You're sure?" the Manager asked.

"Sure I'm sure," said the Trainer.

"Okay," said the Manager.

The Fighter threw the magazine on the floor, rolled over on his back and stared at the overhead light.

"What happens now?" I asked the Manager.

"We'll leave here in a little while," he said. "Go over to the Garden. Then wait."

"What time do you have to be at the Garden?"

"Zero hour."

"Eight o'clock," he said. "All fighters got to be in their dressing rooms by 8. Just sit around then and wait till it's time. That's all."

We sat around for about 20 minutes.

"What the hell," said the Manager.

"Let's go now."

The Fighter got up from the bed, and put on a shirt. Then he put on his jacket and cloth cap. The Trainer checked two small bags. "Got everything?" he announced. We took the elevator downstairs.

"I'll leave you now," I said to the Manager in the lobby.

"Okay," he said. "I'll see you after the fight. Out in front." We went out on the street, and the Manager, the Fighter and the Trainer began to walk west. I started east, walked a few feet, then stopped and called out, "Good luck."

"Thanks," the Manager shouted, waving.

When I got to the Garden there weren't many people there. In fact, when I checked the papers the next morning, there were little more than a thousand. Television has done that. "The people in the Garden are sitting alone," a Jewish manager I know once remarked. He was right. The fans looked just like mourners, a handful of mourners, lost in the gloom.

I sat through the preliminary bouts. Most of the people around me didn't look like fight fans. Most of them seemed to be engaged couples who were there for a lark, just to see what a fight was like. The only cheers came from the Chicken Coop, the seats overhanging the managers' section. That's where the betting takes place. Small bets. Man-to-man stuff. Up in the Chicken Coop they carry their enthusiasm so far that they bet on the prelims.

When the time came for the Fighter's bout, the Manager, the Fighter, the Trainer, who had a couple of swabs riding pencil-like behind each ear, and a handler, who was totting a bucket, made their entrance from the north side of the Garden. The four of them climbed up the stairs to the ring and through the ropes, the Manager solicitously separating the upper two strands for the Fighter. The Manager and the Trainer from time to time turned to wave to admiring acquaintances in the crowd. (The Manager and the Fighter get a percentage from each ticket they sell. A fighter who commands a wide following is known as a "ticket fighter." A ticket fighter is held in high esteem by promoters.) The other fighter and his entourage had also climbed into the ring. It wasn't until after the referee's instructions that the fighters took off their robes. The Fighter had, as the press goes, a good "built." The other fighter was a skinny kid, with arms like broom handles, with knots in them. But, like most skinny fighters, he was a "bang-gee." He was, it became quite apparent, also a boxer, and after two fast rounds, the bout showed signs of becoming what is known as You Mean I Paid To See This?

Not that the Fighter didn't have chances. He did, but he missed them.

In the corner between rounds, the Manager began to talk to the Fighter with more than normal feeling.

The Fighter gets lucky

The fifth, the sixth and seventh rounds went to the other fighter by wide margins. But in the eighth the Fighter almost pulled it out. The other fighter got careless, and the Fighter got lucky. He hit the other fighter with a right cross and staggered him. As if awed by his own strength, the Fighter stepped back instead of following up, and the other fighter slipped away along the ropes until the punch wore off. For the last two rounds the other fighter was content to dance in and out, sure in the knowledge that he had the fight won. It was no surprise when the judges agreed with him, and after the decision, both camps Indian-filed out of the ring the same way they had come in, although this time the Manager didn't separate the ropes.

I watched the after-the-main-bout fight, so the ringiders around me

cleared out. When they had gone, I went out to the rounds.

The Manager wasn't there, and neither was the Fighter. About 15 minutes later the Fighter came out. He had some of his neighborhood pals with him, and everyone was quiet. The Fighter didn't say anything. He just put his hands on his hips, and looked at the floor. Once in a while he would squash an imaginary cigarette butt on the floor with his feet. I was going to go up to him, but I changed my mind. He moved off with his friends just as the Manager came through the tunnel leading from the dressing room. He had someone with him, so we didn't have much of a chance to talk. Not that he felt like it.

"Well?" he asked. "Well?"

"Tough," I said.

"Tough, mate?" said the Manager.

"You know what? The barn froze up on me. He could have basted him wide open. He froze up on me." Then the Manager and his friend moved off, and I decided to call it a day. (C.R.)



"I have no respect for managers who front for tough guys"

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY TOM LINEWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from 51 bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska



OFF OCEAN CITY, MARYLAND LAST WEEK THE LIGHT-TACKLE ANGLER SHOWN ABOVE HOOKED

A MYRIAD OF MARLIN

From the Gulf Coast northward recent weeks have been ones of fulfillment for salt-water anglers, but an abnormally exuberant dispatch from Ocean City, Md. ("We are having a phenomenal white marlin run") prompted on-the-scene investigation by the OUTDOOR WEEK editor. Here's Tom Lineweaver's report:

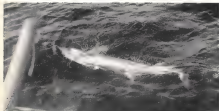
IT ISN'T as if Ocean City has any record of past mediocrity to live down. In 1935 Paul and John Townsend, sons of the governor and later U.S. Senator from Delaware, John G. Townsend, brought Captain Bill Hatch from Miami and validated their conviction that Maryland water was marlin water. During August, 28-odd seaward miles southeast by east of Ocean City in a stretch of shoal known as the Jack Spot, the Townsends raised over 60 marlin to their baits. That same summer S. Kip Farrington Jr., a man who did much to develop American big game fishing, joined the Townsends and took a marlin on 9-thread. Ocean City and the Jack Spot had arrived.

The Jack Spot continues productive and Ocean City has become a white-marlin port probably without equal north of Cuba. Also, I discovered last week, it suffers from a logical marlin monomania. Marlin steak, quite good, is a menu feature. Mounted marlin hang in bars, restaurants, drug stores and motels. The waterfront is a forest of outriggers belonging to a fleet of almost 100 sport-fishing craft many of which have marlins painted on their flying bridges and all of which roar out of Sinepussent Inlet at 7 a.m. It is an awesome sight. Steaming time to the Jack Spot and environs is approximately two hours. It can be spent in reflection, sleep or banter.

I sat in the cockpit of Captain Bill Rodenbaugh's *Relix II* and pried figures out of Mate Wardie Jarvis. They



THE MARLIN WATCHES IT GO THROUGH THOSE MAGNIFICENT AERIAL OPERATIONS THAT ARE



SINGULARLY MAGNIFICENT AND, HAVING PATIENTLY PURSUED IT TO BENTHOS, RELEASED IT

served to justify use of the word phenomenon to describe Ocean City's current marlin season. "Biggest year we ever had," said Wardle, "was '39. The fleet caught 1,343 marlin, released 86. Up to yesterday—July 18, wasn't it?—we had almost 800 fish and over 800 releases. Conservation's catches on, I guess. If this keeps up through September we're a cinch to beat '89. I've got a lot of marlin fishing years behind me," added Wardle, "but I never saw anything like this."

Offshore fishing even in periods of plenitude is a chancy pursuit, and despite Wardle's and Ocean City's collective enthusiasm I expected one of those days of inactivity the epilogue to which is something to the effect that you should have been here last week. But this day was far from inactive. As we reached the marlin grounds, sailer gulls (shearwaters) planned and Mötter Carey's Chickens (Wilson's petrels) skittered across the light chop, dipping now and then to snatch a small fish. It was a hopeful sign. The ocean's ecological progression dictates that larger fish feed on smaller ones. Hope became a reality as a shower of bait rose under the birds and a sickle-shaped fin cut the water. Marlin were feeding.

Captain Rodenbaugh circled the balsa, and Wardle streamed whole squid baits in the wake. I fiddled and fumed with my tackle, injected the reels with an extra dose of oil, checked the drag, and fretted about whether I should have bought new line. The radiotelephone dinned a constant stream of incoherent chatter of marlin seen, fishing, marlin raised, hooked and released. It is a blasé angler who is untouched in such circumstances.

I saw the shape behind one of my baits, then a fin, then a bill. The bait disappeared in a swirl. We had raised a marlin, and it had struck. I dropped back, and the spool accelerated. The fish was running with the squid. I threw the 4/0 reel in gear. My rod bowed, 15-thread line stripped out against the drag, and the marlin soared skyward in those antics which make it an acrobatic madley on light tackle.

It leaped five times within 50 yards of the boat and ran hard. Captain Rodenbaugh quartered and I retrieved some line. At this stage it was pump and crank, and Rodenbaugh took time to advise other boats that "my man is on a fish," and would release it if and when it was brought to the boat. By now I had been pumping a stubborn marlin for 10 minutes and my left arm was fast petrifying. There was still a hundred yards of line out, and the fish

was still fresh. I hoped it would breach again. It did. In 10 years of offshore angling I have seen few marlin function more splendidly. It came out of water 11 times with hardly a pause between jumps. It greyhounded, tail walked, and simply bounced up and down. With that it was done. It ascended and sank, and five minutes later lay exhausted by the boat. Wardle cut the leader and the fish flared slowly downward. "He'd go about 65 pounds," said Rodenbaugh. The world

record white marlin is 161 pounds. My fish was average, but marlin enough.

All in all we raised 13 fish during my day at Ocean City. We hooked four, three of which threw the hook, and released the one. Another boat had raised 27 fish. One had released nine. I returned to the dock, collected the cigar lighter which the Ocean City Marlin Club awards for the angler's first released fish and drove home with renewed faith in the veracity of our Ocean City correspondent.

A SALT-WATER SURVEY

This week, in place of Fisherman's Calendar, Outdoors West looks at areas of exceptional salt-water game-fish interest.

THE PLACE AND THE FISH

THE FORECAST

TEXAS: Findings of Fish and Wildlife Service Research Vessel *Oreops* have spurred big game prospecting in the Gulf. Giant tuna, sailfish and white marlin are all there, but this year has seen astonishing blue marlin results.

Comparatively few boats are concentrating on offshore Texas fishing, but their success should give a sharp boost toward developing this area. There is no question about the angling potential, and it is ripe for exploitation.

LOUISIANA AND MISSISSIPPI: This Gulf area, like Texas, is breeding from the *Oreops*'s commercial research, and for first time white marlin are being caught. Tuna and sailfish have also been taken, and the future appears bright.

Here too is an embryonic sport fishery crying to be fished. Inshore tarpon have occupied most anglers, but three private boats out of New Orleans and a scattering of charter boats are now working blue water. Others will undoubtedly follow.

NORTH CAROLINA: Cape Hatteras waters this summer are boiling, and this area offers enormous game-fish variety. Large dolphins, white marlin, blue marlin, sailfish and many other deep-water species are being consistently taken.

The proximity of the Gulf Stream to Cape Hatteras is the key to this area's game-fish productivity. Charter boats are increasing in number every year, and now Hatteras can stand with any other sport-fishing locale in this country.

MARYLAND: The latest word from Ocean City is that the white marlin run is unabated. As of July 31, 883 fish had been caught and 627 released. The largest fish boasted so far is a 115½-pounder, but larger ones have been hooked and lost.

White marlin should be present around the Jack Spar through September, but Mako shark, school tuna, dolphin and blue marlin are also available in fishable numbers. Ocean City boats, however, are frankly and understandably white marlin crazy.

NEW YORK: Vast schools of trackered between Montauk, L.I. and Block Island have attracted an unusual run this year of giant tuna and the always wary swordfish. Eighteen broadbill have already been hooked as red and red and five hooked.

The continued presence of giant tuna is in doubt, but swordfish, white marlin, blue marlin, Mako shark and school tuna are now showing in unusual numbers and will probably stay through September. This could be Montauk's banner year.

MASSACHUSETTS: Cape Codders report an unprecedented striped run on Brewster Flats. As many as 20 46-pounders are being taken on one tide. School and giant tuna are also in Cape Cod Bay, with some estimated at 1,000 pounds.

A new world's record tuna may be taken in Cape Cod waters, but most charter boats concentrate on stripers, bluefish and school bluefish, and no all-out effort is made for the giants. They are there, nevertheless, and can be caught.

Even the fish which can be taken more or less for granted seem to be running bigger and better. The Gulf is enjoying excellent tarpon angling, and large bluefish are on the move from Hatteras to Cape Cod,

with Montauk reporting a spate of 15-pounders. Three stripers over 60 pounds have already been taken in New England waters. Wherever you look, 1956 seems to be the year for salt-water angling.

UNCLE LOU BUILDS A DREAM BOAT

After 30 years of big game angling and offshore cruising from Denmark to the coast of Chile, Lou Marron has built himself the perfect deep-sea fishing boat

by EZRA BOWEN and REGINALD WELLS

THE SOBERING YACHTSMAN on the opposite page has every right to be happy. He has just launched his \$100,000 dream boat *Eugenie VIII*, the finest offshore sports fisherman that experience and money could make.

To Uncle Lou Marron ("We have no children, so adopt every kid we can find"), the 56-year-old, 260-pound chairman of the board of Coastal Oil Company of New Jersey, it marks the crowning achievement of a lifetime's fishing experience.

For half the year Uncle Lou is an old man, with a passion for fast cars (he has an air-conditioned Cadillac town car, a Jaguar, a Lincoln Continental, a Cadillac sedan, a Chrysler Imperial and a Chrysler station wagon), but for the other half he lives to fish, averaging some 30,000 air miles a year to do just that. In the 30 years that he has been fishing he has caught more big game fish and won more trophies than any other man, and, what is even more remarkable, the same can be said of his diminutive ("I call her the Mighty Mite") artist-wife Eugenie, for whom he has just named his dream boat.

Mrs. and Mrs. Louis Edward Marron, of New York, Brille, N.J., and Palm Beach, would in fact rather fish than eat or sleep or work. No other man-and-wife team has ever come near to their achievements in the sport of hauling the biggest fish out of the sea. In the 30 years of their marriage they have fished the entire Western Hemisphere, as

well as Iceland and the Kattegat between Denmark and Sweden, and have caught everything worth catching in the best place to catch it. Their specialty is giant tuna and the bill fishes (marlin, swordfish and sailfish), and Uncle Lou has three times been elected to fish on the American team in the International Tuna Tournament at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia. His favorite fish, however, is the swordfish—he claims it is the hardest to catch—for which he currently holds the world record, a staggering 1,182 pounds.

Along the way the Marrons have bought or built 16 boats, beginning with a 30-foot, 180-hp Chris-Craft in 1929. In those days there was virtually no big game fishing north of Florida. Then, in 1936, the giant tuna that had quietly disappeared from its old New Jersey feeding grounds suddenly came back. The Marrons were among the first to spot the great fish in their area. Catching a 600-pound tuna is like pumping up by hand from a water-filled Grand Canyon a double-decker bus with the doors open. Grown men have been known to faint in the process of it; inexperienced men confronted with the situation very often throw up. Uncle Lou excelled at the sport.

As invitations to fish poured in from all the big game hot spots, the fishing Marrons carried off more and more trophies, tournaments and records. And all the time they were constantly experimenting with equipment. Mrs. Marron

continued on page 28

DREAM BOAT IN THE WATER

Uncle Lou's dream boat, the 54-foot 6-inch twin diesel cruiser *Eugenie VIII*, was launched in a flutter of signal flags, yachting jackets and ribbon-wrapped champagne bottles from Morten Johnson's shipyard in Bay Head, N.J. June 25. She rode perfectly, showed tight maneuvering ability in early tests.



DREAM BOAT IN THE WORKS

Lou Marron, shown at right in John Zimmerman's photo, is called Uncle Lou by everyone from the beach-faced kids who swarm aboard his boat in Brille, N.J., to his globe-trotting rivals for record fish. He collected notes for 30 years planning *Eugenie VIII*, then shelled out \$100,000 to build her.



A few decades ago America's oldest breed had all but disappeared. Now there is new interest and a reawakened pride in the horse that is

MORGAN BRED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MOSE

IF a member of a breed of horse known as the Morgan ever flew like Pegasus it was not recorded, but apart from that the animal is reputed to be capable of doing just about anything useful a horse has been known to do. Able to pull almost like a Clydesdale, trot like a standard-bred, cut rattle like a quarter horse, ride as smoothly as a Saddle horse and run and jump something like a Thoroughbred, the Morgan is a superhorse—only an unusually versatile one. This equine Jack-of-all-trades now rarely competes with the specialized breeds which are masters of only one, but before the others were imported into this country and developed for specific purposes, it was the Morgan, the first distinct breed produced in America, that could outdo his early 19th century contemporaries.

The horse that started it all in New England was not even a horse by the standard, as he measured a mere 14 hands. But what Schoolmaster Justin Morgan's little bay lacked in height he amply compensated for in heart, stamina, muscle and bone. His log-pulling feats brought him fame, as he was able to drag more weight than horses measuring up to 16 hands; his speed at short distances became almost legendary, and racers from other states came to challenge him in Vermont only to meet defeat. His demand as a sire increased with each triumph, and in this role he earned equine immortality. His unique characteristics were passed on so unhesitatingly to his get that to do him honor his breeder's name, Justin Morgan, was bestowed on the

continued



MODEL MORGAN is posed by Trainer Bob Baker after winning championship at Northampton's National Show. Parade, a 15-hand stallion, is owned by J. Cecil Ferguson.

PATTY DAVIS FERGUSON SHOWS CHAMPION FRESH BORN SON'S TYPICAL MORGAN BEAR





PULLING POWER is last test of four-part class. The same horse had shown at three gait and reared under saddle and in harness.

POISING PROVERB and brood mare await sale in ring. Many are sold for children, as brood is known for its docile disposition.



MORGAN HORSES

continued from page 24

mutant "big little horse" and then transferred to the breed he begot, the only breed to be named after an individual.

From New England, Morgan-bred horses soon spilled into every state and territory. Success was not limited to the farm, where they were valued for their versatility. Their style and endurance also made them suited to the cavalry: General Sheridan rode his Morgan up the Shenandoah Valley to save Washington; General Custer went astride a horse of the same strain to his famous last stand.

The attributes that made this particular breed valuable to the cavalry during the last century have not disappeared during this one. Nationalist China, in 1947, dispatched army veterinarians to the United States to select Morgans to bolster her own cavalry stock. Twenty-five were chosen and, led by the chestnut stallion Magellan, left aboard the *Philippine Sea*; all but one survived the trip. After the fall of the mainland the herd was known about only indirectly—but the horses were obviously a focus of pride as they were quickly labeled "Russian gifts." Then during the Korean action two Morgans, one of which was Magellan, were recognized.

Ironically, they were now being ridden by Chinese Communist generals.

The continued existence of the Morgan, now slightly taller and longer in the neck than the founding sire, is due mainly to the fervor of the few, intent on saving the breed's identity—the combination of equine specialization, modernization and the Depression had nearly led to the Morgan's extinction. In 1933 only 78 horses were registered and an even smaller number of transfers of ownership were recorded. But the proselytizing by the hard core of the Morgan Horse Club braked the downward breeding spiral, and interest in the Morgan's survival as an entity was revived. The buggy horse that had been pushed off the road by the Model T was rediscovered as a saddle horse for pleasure riding, and new owners had the additional comfort of knowing that their horse had other talents.

One hundred and fifty years after the birth of Justin Morgan, in 1989, the first National Morgan Horse Show was held. The event, as with most horse shows, was held to improve the breed, and, surprisingly enough, it did. Morgan owners from various parts of the country came together and examined each other's stock—which resulted in firm efforts to standardize the type by more selective breeding and to eliminate careless outcrosses. A magazine devoted only to news of the breed was launched and flourished. The continuing interest in the show and the increasing number of Morgan owners and breeders (about 600 horses are now registered annually) attest to the success of the drive. This week (July 27-29) almost 300 top-grade Morgans will be brought to Northampton, Mass. to demonstrate anew that the breed has lost none of its aptitude. The owners, mainly amateurs, often groom and then show their own horses, as the Morgan is exhibited in its natural state with a full mane and tail. The breed's sensitive yet tractable disposition—old-fashioned virtues—add to the pleasure of handling and showing.

Several years ago, however, one Morgan reacted to a situation in an unhorse-like but modern manner. At stud he became highly nervous and insanely jealous of the other stallions. Barely middle-aged for a horse, his health declined and, despite all efforts, he finally died. His sorrowing, perplexed owner requested an autopsy, and to her was duly reported the cause of death: ulcers. (CNR)



JUMPING SKILL is shown by Marlin, a 24.5-hand stallion. Obstacles were not high but emphasized Morgan's willingness.



TROTGING ABILITY is exhibited in readiness to blow dust. Morgans held track records before development of standardbred.

RIDING APITUDE is tested over simulated trail conditions. Many take Morgans on an annual 100-mile cross-country ride.





MRS. EUGENIE MARRON BATTLED WITH A 112-POUND RECORD BROADBILL ABOARD THE CRUISER "EXPLOSER" OFF COAST OF CHILE IN 1954

UNCLE LOU'S DREAM BOAT

continued from page 52

remembers some of the experiments with misgivings.

"When it comes to boats, Uncle Lou takes over. He has these terrific ideas. When he does something, it's powerful, strong. It suits his nature. He wants 'em powerful, but at the same time fast and light so he can maneuver—and right there you have a contradiction. So we had 16 boats. Some were too heavy and didn't maneuver. Others couldn't carry the equipment. One, the *Eugenie IV*, we had to extend the stern four feet. After that we had a terrific boat. He wanted it short to be maneuverable. Then he put everything into it. It wouldn't move. It pushed down in the water and made a big wake, so we extended it to give it more buoyancy so she would have some get-up-and-go."

In the early boats there was no wash thing as a fighting chair. For a substitute the Marrons rigged an office chair mounted on an iron pipe, with a beer box for a footrest. One rough Atlantic day, with a big tuna on the hook, Uncle Lou remembers, "The beer box broke up, smashed to smithereens, and I wound up fighting the fish on my stomach. I got the fish, but I was laid up for two weeks."

"We didn't have any refrigeration in those days," he went on. "It was all ice. And we didn't have any intercom or ship-to-shore radio. We were using homing pigeons to deliver messages to shore."

Having two expert fishermen in the same family and

boat can and often does cause a temporary estrangement between the Marrons. "There's a crisis a minute," confesses Mrs. Marron. "We fight. You can hear us 17 miles away, fighting over how to catch a fish. The captains laugh at us—you can ask them. Uncle Lou is always telling me how to fish, and of course I'll have none of it. He's always getting under my feet. He won't give me any room. There's

RECORDS HELD BY THE MARRONS

MRS. MARRON

Women's 20-lb. best striped marlin	289 lbs.	May 8, 1954	Iquique, Chile
Women's 20-lb. best striped marlin	321 lbs.	June 3, 1954	Iquique, Chile
Women's 30-lb. best striped marlin	318 lbs.	June 2, 1954	Iquique, Chile
Women's all-tackle swordfish	772 lbs.	June 7, 1954	Iquique, Chile

MR. MARRON

World's all-tackle swordfish	1,152 lbs.	May 7, 1953	Iquique, Chile
------------------------------	------------	-------------	----------------

Heaviest marlin taken by Mrs. Marron was on a 25-pound test line, lighter than that used for her other marlin records.

When Mr. Marron caught the 1,152-pound swordfish, it was not only the biggest swordfish taken either as line or commercially but the biggest game fish (with the exception of sharks) ever taken on rod and reel.



ON THE EXPEDITION HUSBAND LOU MARRON TIES INTO HIS BIGGEST SWORDFISH AND LANES A WORLD-RECORD WEIGHING 1,122 POUNDS

just no sense in it." Currently Mrs. Marron holds four world records (see box) and is writing a book soon to be published titled *Albacore*.

"Lou and I were among the forerunners in light tackle fishing—3 thread and 9 thread," she went on. "People said we were crazy and called it trick fishing." Whatever it was, Mrs. Marron went on to rack up some 12 records and Uncle Lou at least five.

In 1961 Uncle Lou suffered his greatest defeat. Fishing off Bimini, he tied into a huge blue marlin and, after an hour and 10 minutes' struggle, boated it. The world record at that time, held by Aksel Wisfeld, was 742 pounds, 12 feet 10½ inches long, 68 inches in girth, with a 48-inch tailspan.

Uncle Lou's fish was 13 feet long, 69 inches in girth and had a tailspan of 49 inches. But by some curious misfortune the commissioner could not be found to come and weigh it for over an hour. Uncle Lou's world-record breaker finally tipped the scales at one quarter pound less than the existing world record.

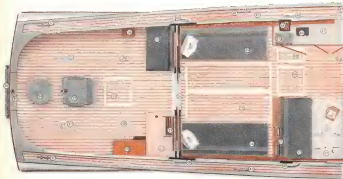
Uncle Lou has his own tackle shop set up in his 14-room Brielle, N.J. shore-side home. It is here he keeps his 296 rods, mostly custom-made, some 58 reels (seven of them \$500 to \$900 Fin-Nor reels); thousands of hooks of all sizes; tens of thousands of feet of linen, nylon and dacron line; hundreds of coils of cable and wire leader; giant spools of monofilament; boxes and drawers full of sinkers, swivels, teasers, lures and feathers; a 38-caliber Remington Game Master

shark gun; two big drawers of rod hutts and one full of 11 cameras.

Having reached the zenith in big game fishing, the Marrons are now turning to the science and mystery of the sea as their all-consuming hobby. They have provided the financial backing for and have taken part in a three-year study of bill fishes being carried out by the University of Miami's marine laboratory, and have been working with MIT scientists on the study of giant squid nerve fibers. The first assignment for their new boat will probably be a combined sportfishing-scientific venture for the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution to study the sounds made by whales. In the not-too-distant future they hope to make a fishing trip to China.

At the launching party for the \$100,000 *Esperis VIII* a friend asked Uncle Lou if he were not impatient to take out and try his new dream boat. "Well," said Uncle Lou, "remember how you felt when you kissed your first girl? How you looked forward to it and how it felt, that first time? And how you feel now kissing a girl? It's the same with boats. This is the 16th one I've built. You get used to it. But I hope this one isn't really perfect. Think how dull it would be if you had anything perfect. I look forward to the challenge every year, trying to produce something that's new."

**FOR DETAILED DRAWINGS OF
THE DREAM BOAT, TURN PAGE**



BIG BOAT FOR BIG WATER

WHEN THE MARRONS planned *Eugene VIII* they were aiming for a boat that could carry nine people—six fishermen and a crew of three—across the Caribbean or out into the Pacific on a nonstop, five-week cruise. She had to be rugged enough to take the long swells off Chile, or the cross chop at Soldier's Rip off Nova Scotia. And she had to be big enough to hold the outstated freezing equipment the Marrons use in their marine research. But at the same time the boat was meant for fishing, so she had to get up speed quickly, and turn on a dime to get her stern clear of a runaway tuna that might try to cross under her keel and snap the fishline. By all marine traditions, this combination of virtues was impossible.

Like another famous seaman whose dream boat was shot full of impossible contradictions, Uncle Lou picked the right designer. Marron's man was Floyd Ayers of Bay Head, N.J., a builder of Jersey fishing boats for 25 years. Ayers gave Uncle Lou everything he wanted. To carry the equipment, they worked out a 54-foot 6-inch hull with a fat, 15-foot beam. They put in white oak frames every eight inches, double-planked the hull with Philippine mahogany, and covered the planking with plastic reinforced fiber glass. They gave her 23½ cubic feet of freezing capacity, and enough electrical gadgets, oversized bunka, gear lockers, etc., to bring her weight up to 20 tons, compared to 12 or 14 tons for an average boat her size.

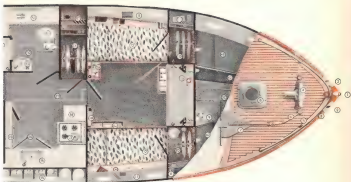
For engines they picked a pair of 235-hp GM inclined diesels that give her power to move and fuel economy to carry her through a 1,040-mile cruising radius. Finally, Ayers worked a little alchemy on the bottom, designing a

compromise between the carrying capacity of the conventional V-bottom and the buoyancy of the conventional round. Forward, just at the waterline and below, Ayers reversed her full curves to let her slice cleanly through the water. The result was a superb contradiction—a boat with weight, beam and power that nevertheless moves and handles like a 20-foot skiff. She is, in fact, a fisherman's version of Carleton Mitchell's fat, fast yawl *Finistere* (SI, June 18), as Uncle Lou discovered one night six weeks ago as he lay in bed reading *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s story. When he came to the paragraph on *Finistere*'s fine waterline and good speed despite her weight and extreme beam, he shook Mrs. Marron awake. "See," he said, thumping the magazine. "That's what I mean. That's what's new in boats."

TURN PAGE FOR CUTAWAY PROFILE VIEW



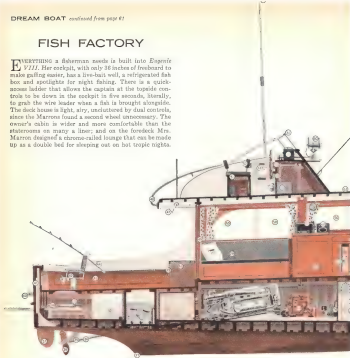
RIGGED FOR FISHING, *Eugene VIII* carries 15-foot lookout mast, 33-foot Rybovich outriggers, makes 24 mph fully loaded.



- ① White navigation light
- ② Bow shock
- ③ Belly rail
- ④ Electric windlass
- ⑤ Teak foredeck
- ⑥ Nylon anchor rode
- ⑦ 80 lb. Danforth anchor
- ⑧ 3/8-in. cast aluminum hatch with clear glass daylight
- ⑨ Crew's basin
- ⑩ Owner's stateroom hanging locker
- ⑪ Storage shelves
- ⑫ 36-in. by 6-ft. 7-in. berth with 6-in. foam mattress
- ⑬ Drawers pull out under berth
- ⑭ Magazine rack
- ⑮ Dish storage
- ⑯ Sink and counter of salt-resistant Movel
- ⑰ Four-burner gas stove
- ⑱ Table-top cabinet with drawers into stateroom
- ⑲ 30-cu. ft. refrigerator with 5-cu. ft. freezer
- ⑳ Bilge access hatch
- ㉑ Dinette berth converts into double pullman berth
- ㉒ 17-cu. ft. freezer unit beneath dinette berth
- ㉓ Book rack
- ㉔ 7-ft. settee berths
- ㉕ Engine room hatch
- ㉖ Sliding doors of screen and glass
- ㉗ Bridge access ladder
- ㉘ Cutting board and bridge access platform, tackle storage beneath
- ㉙ Step to access platform, fuel storage beneath
- ㉚ Fuel tank soundings
- ㉛ Live-bait well
- ㉜ Deck fittings for fishing chairs
- ㉝ Chrome-plated cast bronze fighting chair
- ㉞ Chrome-bronze manhole to lazarette
- ㉟ Removable transom section for rolling in big fish
- ㊱ Lignum-vitae fish roller with Movel shaft
- ㊲ Stern cleat
- ㊳ Folding step
- ㊴ 60-cu. ft. refrigerated fish box
- ㊵ Engine room ventilator
- ㊶ Spring life chest
- ㊷ 15-in. wide teak deck
- ㊸ Rain catcher for fresh water storage
- ㊹ Steering control box
- ㊺ 30-watt auxiliary radio telephone
- ㊻ Intercom
- ㊼ Cabinet for fuse box and 120-watt two-way radio
- ㊽ Access hatch to auxiliary diesel
- ㊾ Engine room working hatch
- ㊿ Teak deck in deck house
- ① Compressorway
- ② Fresh- and salt-water shower
- ③ Linen locker
- ④ Binnacle
- ⑤ Head
- ⑥ Hanging locker with two drawers in bottom
- ⑦ Storage shelves with 15-gal. drinking-water tank overhead
- ⑧ Vanity
- ⑨ Double dresser with mirror
- ⑩ 30 in. by 6-ft. 8-in. crew's bunk

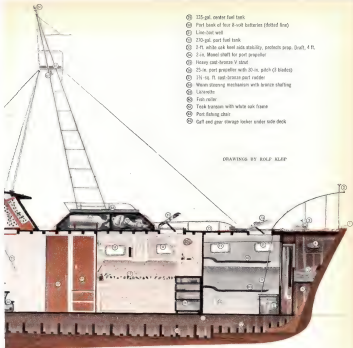
FISH FACTORY

EVERYTHING a fisherman needs is built into *Espenir VIII*. Her cockpit, with only 36 inches of freeboard to make guffing easier, has a live-bait well, a refrigerated fish box and spotlights for night fishing. There is a quick-access ladder that allows the captain at the topside controls to be down in the cockpit in five seconds, literally, to grab the wire leader when a fish is brought alongside. The deck house is light, airy, uncluttered by dual controls, since the Marrons found a second wheel unnecessary. The owner's cabin is wider and more comfortable than the staterooms on many a liner; and on the foredeck Mrs. Marron designed a chrome-railed lounge that can be made up as a double bed for sleeping out on hot tropic nights.



- ① Bowlight
- ② Bait rail and bait staff
- ③ Anchor windlass
- ④ 75-watt portside Stern docking light
- ⑤ Rope locker
- ⑥ General storage
- ⑦ Crew's hanging locker
- ⑧ Crew's head
- ⑨ Folding ladder to forecabin hatch
- ⑩ 30-in. by 6-ft. 8-in. crew's bunks
- ⑪ 8-in. by 36-in. aluminum-frame ports
- ⑫ Bilge
- ⑬ 12-in. by 2-in. spruce keelson
- ⑭ 15½-in. by 13½-in. steam-bent white oak frames

- ⑮ Storage locker
- ⑯ Drawers in double dresser
- ⑰ Owner's berth with clothes drawer and locker below
- ⑱ Hanging locker with drawers beneath
- ⑲ Door to head
- ⑳ Companionway stairs with galley storage beneath
- ㉑ Hand rail
- ㉒ 212 gal. forward fuel tank with CO₂ bottles (dotted lines)
- ㉓ Radio cabinet
- ㉔ Electrical switchboard cabinet
- ㉕ 35-hp. auxiliary diesel for compressor and bilge pump
- ㉖ Five-ton compressor for all refrigeration
- ㉗ 225-hp GM inclined diesel with aluminum head
- ㉘ Soling berth with drawers beneath



DRAWINGS BY ROLF KLEP

- ① Chrome bronze rod holder in coaming
- ② Salt-water tap
- ③ Refrigerated fish box
- ④ Port side 90-watt cockpit floodlight
- ⑤ Chrome bronze hand rail
- ⑥ Sliding door to deck house
- ⑦ 14-in. sliding hatch (tinted glass) windows
- ⑧ Bridge seat with storage beneath
- ⑨ Reversible backrests
- ⑩ Radio antenna
- ⑪ 280-foot and -fathom depth recorder
- ⑫ Wheel and steering mechanism
- ⑬ Bendix automatic pilot
- ⑭ Radio direction finder
- ⑮ Sea water temperature

- ⑯ 115-gal. center fuel tank
- ⑰ Port bank of four 8-volt batteries (dotted line)
- ⑱ Live-bait well
- ⑲ 230-gal. port fuel tank
- ⑳ 2-ft. white oak keel side stability, protects prop. Draft, 4 ft.
- ㉑ 2-in. Mossel shaft for port propeller
- ㉒ Heavy cast-bronze V strut
- ㉓ 25-in. port propeller with 30-in. pitch (3 blades)
- ㉔ 14-in.-sq. ft. cast-bronze port rudder
- ㉕ Worm steering mechanism with bronze shafting
- ㉖ Lateralite
- ㉗ Fish roller
- ㉘ Teak transom with white oak frame
- ㉙ Port fishing chair
- ㉚ Gull and gear storage locker under side deck

- ㉛ Interior
- ㉜ One-mile-beam searchlight
- ㉝ Metal-framed windshield
- ㉞ Fiber glass-covered mahogany plywood deck house top
- ㉟ 25-watt auxiliary ship-to-shore phone
- ㊱ Interior
- ㊲ 18 ft. tube aluminum lookout mast with two-man crew's nest
- ㊳ White anchor light
- ㊴ 50-candle-power port spooder light
- ㊵ Deck sun lounge and double bunk
- ㊶ Cooking gas storage
- ㊷ Outboard storage
- ㊸ Aluminum hatch to owner's quarters
- ㊹ Fiber glass-covered mahogany cover fish decks
- ㊺ Aluminum hatch to crew's quarters



THE HONEST WRESTLER

In days when wrestling was a sport and not a vaudeville show, lanky Abe Lincoln threw all comers, except for one

by RUTH E. RILEY



AFTER HEIN: LINCOLN WRESTLED ARMSTRONG.

NEAR Bethany, Mo., lies the grave of a man named Lorenzo D. Thompson, whose distinction was that he felled Lincoln at wrestling. But, like many "almost undefeated" champions, Lincoln had supporters who claimed that the one famous defeat wasn't really a defeat at all.

The disputed match with Thompson took place in 1832 at Beardstown, Ill., when Lincoln, then 23, was leading a company of men from Sangamon County, Ill., who had volunteered to fight the Indian, Black Hawk. Lincoln's men said no one in the Army could throw their Captain Abe, and they boasted with good reason. Although his tall, spindly body didn't look strong, he was six feet four inches and 180 pounds of sinewed power.

But Thompson, who, Lincoln said later, "could have thrown a grizzly bear," dared take up the challenge, and a championship match was arranged.

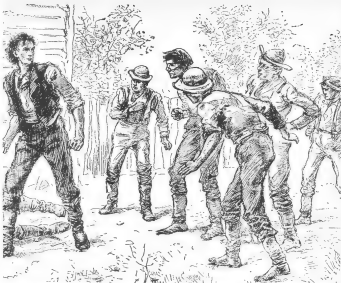
Carl Sandburg describes it in his epic biography, *Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years*: "Lincoln's friends bet money, hats, whiskey, knives, blankets and tomahawks. On the day of the match, as the two wrestlers tumbled in their first feel-outs of each other, Lincoln turned to his friends and said, 'Boys, this is the most powerful man I ever had hold of.' For a while Lincoln held him off; then Thompson got the 'catch hold' on him, and he went under, fairly throws. The match was for the best two out of three falls. In the second grapple, Lincoln went to the ground, pulling Thompson down with him. It looked like a 'dog-fall' (a draw); Lincoln raised his head and said: 'Boys, give up your bets. If this man hasn't thrown me fairly, he could.' And his men paid their bets to the last dollar or jackknife . . . but still went on claiming it was a dog-fall wrestle. . . ."

There was no disagreement, however,

about an earlier famous match Lincoln fought with a local tough named Jack Armstrong. It was in the early 1830s, when Abe worked as a clerk in Denton Offat's store in New Salem, Ill.

A saloonkeeper, Bill Clary, bet Offat \$10 that Abe couldn't throw Jack Armstrong, the Clary's Grove champion. People from 50 miles around came to Offat's to watch the match, and bets ran high. Armstrong was short, with powerful muscles, but Lincoln held him off with his long arms. Said Sandburg: "Lincoln lifted him up by the throat . . . shook him like a rag, and then slammed him to a hard fall." Armstrong acknowledged: "He's the best feller that ever becke into this settlement," and the fight was over.

From then on Lincoln often appeared in the role of sports arbiter during the six years he worked in New Salem. His reputation for fairness—and for having the strength to back up his decisions



THE PHASE OF CLARY'S GROVE. HE FATED THE HOSTILE BAND OF HIS OPPONENT'S ATTORNEYS UNTIL ARMED HIMSELF INTERFERENCE

—made him a popular referee, and a local foot or horse race, cockfight or gander pull that he didn't preside over was rare.

When he wasn't refereeing or defending his wrestling and croquet-tossing championships, Lincoln played a game that seems incongruous for a man of his size and strength—marbles. But like everything he attempted, he did it better than anyone else.

While Lincoln played marbles with the youngsters in the New Salem area, he also shone against men. In those days marbles were popular with all ages. The game was played on a square marked off on the ground with a stick. Lines were drawn diagonally across the square, connecting its corners, a small marble placed at each corner and a larger one (Old Boler) put at the spot in the center where the lines intersected. From the law line, at a previously agreed-upon distance from the square,

Lincoln could hit Old Boler with his law (shooter) four times out of five.

The marbles used were irregular, homemade ones fashioned from rounds of clay and baked in the embers of a fireplace. Sometimes a bullet mold was used to shape the marbles; otherwise the clay was rolled between the hands.

Once, after he had become President and was burdened with worries about the Civil War, Lincoln found relaxation in a makeshift game of marbles. He was walking toward Army headquarters in Washington with a telegraph clerk and one of his sons. Picking up a smooth round stone from the street, he challenged them to a contest of shooting stones ahead, marble fashion, to see who could get his stone to the headquarters steps in the least number of shots. When they reached the steps, Lincoln had won and had found in a simple game a respite from Presidential pressures. (KMR)



EARLIEST LINCOLN photograph, in 1846, shows his successful, powerful hands.

ARE WOMEN PEOPLE? OH, BROTHER!

Sir:

Mr. Marquand's virile lady member (*The Women Preach at Happy Knoll*, 51, July 23) is unfortunately not the funniest of the author's imaginings. Today every golf club in the country has its Lydia Polans, and I am sorry to say they have changed what used to be a meeting place of like-minded friends for the purpose of getting some exercise into a progressive day camp for adolescents and their footloose mothers.

Consider, for example, the changes that have taken place within the last few years at the club of which I have been a longtime member. Seven years ago we had a small club of about 65 active members, most of them residing in the city. Even members of neighboring clubs agreed that our golf links were among the best laid-out and best maintained within reach of New York.

As more and more young people begin to take up residence in the suburbs surrounding our property, more of our older members, not wishing to be thought of as being behind the times, speeded the club to some of these new arrivals, as a matter of fact, at a considerably reduced membership fee. They hoped, I believe, for some young blood on the links and some pleasant new golfing companions. Let me chronicle in short order what we actually got.

First, the two trends aside, long dormant through disease, were reborn for wives who did not themselves play golf. In addition we made Tuesday a regular Ladies Day for golfing, but all too soon were reminded that ladies wished to accompany their husbands also on the weekends.

One of our more exuberant members offered the club a swimming pool, which was accepted by the committee, overwhelmingly, in my opinion. The pool has become the week-around social center for the teenage sons and daughters of our younger members, and most of us have become accustomed to being treated with the indifference and arrogance which seems to be so much a part and parcel of that unfortunate age group.

The club today has regular Saturday night dances as well as Friday night bar-

becues around a newly constructed outdoor grill. Some of us regret that the putting green had to be drastically shortened to provide parking space for the cars of the many new members the club has had to absorb, presumably to pay for the new parking space. I sometimes feel that I can detect more familiar faces in the waiting room of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad than I can find in the locker room of the club.

So far it has not been suggested that the golf links be flooded for water skiing by moribund wives and their children. But I consider this a matter of time only.

You will understand if I sign this letter with my initials only.

T. H. K.

New York City

FACTUAL AND AUTHENTIC HORRORS

Sir:

Alvin Karpis' reporting on the abominable practices by certain trainers and owners at the Tennessee Walking Horse (31, July 23) is entirely factual and authentic. Of course, I could add a little to the list of horrors they inflict on show animals, such as the use of a wood smey in the cleft of the leg, sticks in a leather pad between shoe and hoof, and pins, old Virginia remedies or the business end of a kamachoo nail in the inside of the ball boots which have been recently sanctioned for use to prevent speedy cutting or overreaching.

This game was long overdue, and I am delighted to see it come out in a magazine of national prominence such as *Sports Illustrated*. About 1933, when I was a part-time exhibitor as horse trainer for the Nashville Show, and reported in local horse shows, I put several plumes in my weekly columns on the subject. It got me some fax mail, mostly anonymous and abusive. One Walking Horse exhibitor, asked for an opinion on my columns, requested pathetically that I was "Nathia" but one of them jumper people, tryin' to harm the Plantation Horse."

CARPENTER, H. Hagney

Nashville

NO ARGUMENTS

Sir:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's "Conservation and the 86th Congress" (*OUTDOOR WEEK*, July 16) was an excellent summary of the problems besetting conservation.

It was a distinct service to the laymen in conservation, and there can be no arguments with your "gain or lose" analysis.

JACK COVINO
Outdoor Editor
The Minneapolis Star and
The Minneapolis Tribune

Minneapolis

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Sir:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has so many well-written, humorous articles each week—but I especially enjoy *EVENTS & DISCOVERIES*, which, like other parts of the magazine, I read aloud to my family. Liked Talbot's Wimbledon article (July 26) a whole lot.

MAX FRIEDBERG, BOSTON

Hampton, Va.

UNTIL THEY MEET AGAIN

Sir:

Swaps is not the greatest thing for California since Charlie Chaplin left, as Whitney Tower said (33, July 31). He's the greatest thing since gold was discovered.

Who can doubt now that Swaps is clearly superior over all his current rivals? His Gold Cup victory shows clearly that he is the best horse of the year. His victory was against very good competition such as *Fortunate* and *Missie Gae*.

Meanwhile, Natchez was in unspectacular fashion against horses that don't even belong in the same track as Swaps. This fall when Swaps goes east, they'll probably meet again, with Swaps in good condition.

MOORE KASING

Los Angeles

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS...

Sir:

Dorothy Stull's reporting on Bonnie Prudden is exceptionally good (*Be Happy, Go Healthy*, July 16)....

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



To me the Kraus-Weber test seems highly reliable, and the longer I work with it the more respect it demands. In public school work it can be used without having to forfeit much valuable time.

What this country needs is a Bessie Fadden in every gymnasium!

GEOFFREY SHAFER

Johnstown, Pa.

WHITE HOUSE STABLES

Sir:

Greatly enjoyed *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* recapitulation of that amazing personality, Andrew Jackson, as a horseman (SI, July 16). I have heard in the past that Jackson used part of the White House to quarter his racing stable—which seemed reasonable enough in those days. Just where, however, were these stables in relation to the White House as we know it today? Does anyone know? Or has this too, like so many other details of historic interest, become lost with the passing of some ancient bureaucrat?

R. WELLS SINGLEY

New York



WHITE HOUSE STABLES

General Jackson's stables made up the west wing of the White House (see low building in left side of contemporary engraving above).—ED.

A POINT OF HONOR

Sir:

I read with interest John Durant's YESTERDAY about General Jackson as a horseman. I wish to take exception to one point—that is, the duel with Charlie Dickinson. This duel was fought in Kentucky because of rumors Mr. Dickinson made regarding General Jackson's wife Rachel, alleging that their first marriage had been an improper one and that she lived for a time with his out of wedlock. I am sure that Mr. Marcus James, whom Mr. Durant quotes at frequent intervals, would have verified this. I would suspect that Mr. Durant could offer no evidence that General Jackson fought a duel over a horse race, although I have not the slightest doubt that he would have done so had he been provoked.

J. B. BOLLOWAY, M.D.

Lexington, Ky.

The dispute about the purse forfeited when Ploughboy (owned by Mr. Dickinson's father-in-law) failed to meet General Jackson's Truxton greatly increased the bitterness which already existed between the two men. One of Jackson's friends insisted that Mr.

Dickinson and Captain Erwin, his father-in-law, were allegedly dishonorable in settling their forfeit. This matter, added to Dickinson's previous instructions against Jackson's wife, led to such heated exchange of letters, editorials and "lies" that both men finally were forced into a duel.—ED.

THOSE CINCY FANS

Sir:

What is all this bunk about too many Cincinnati ballplayers appearing in the All-Star Game? All I have heard lately is that the Cincinnati fans were angry because they lost too many ballots for Redding ballplayers. This is awful! Please! Get off to the Cincinnati fans. It's too bad that all fans are not as enthusiastic as the Cincy fans. Why should plans be made for amending the All-Star selection process next year just because the Cincinnati fans support their players?

There should have been six Cincinnati starters in the All-Star Game. Ted Kluszewski, the best first baseman in baseball, was robbed! The Cincinnati fans deserve a pennant and the Redlegs will win it this year.

THE NORMAN

Buffalo

DOUBLE-BUFFY SLOGAN

Sir:

Our local newspaper has a slogan, "Solid Cincinnati reads the *Sportsman*." The same goes for our Reds. Solid Cincinnati supports the Redlegs!

DAISY L. BERGER

Cincinnati

WHY WORRY?

Sir:

The story of the Cincinnati Redlegs could not have been told better (SI, July 16). Kila, Bell, Haffey, Post, Robinson, Temple and McMillan are really amazing when they get together.

Bodie Tobetto is worrying about the Braves pitching staff. He should worry about that! The only thing he should worry about is Brooklyn. The Braves won't last long. I think the Redlegs are gonna do it this year, and possibly the next.

The Cincinnati Redlegs have finally done it!

ISORAH D. MARSHALL

Mount Kisco, N.Y.

THEM AND THEIR PARKS

Sir:

Most *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* outline to build up the Cincinnati home run myth as in your July 16 issue (*Power Power Power*)! Really now, after half the season the Redlegs are still less than halfway to the '47 Giants' record of 221 homers, and Kila & Co., like the badly overplayed Mantle, will most soon see the September stretch. Look at the pump packs they play in—their own, Ebbets Field, Polo Grounds, Wrigley Field. The Redlegs may win the NL pennant, if Nuzhall gets going and Lawrence can finish a game, but not until then, their "half-backed sluggers" notwithstanding. Kila may have hit more homers the past year than, among others, Williams or Munsell (but who would really have him over those two, again among others, truly great batters?) Not I.

GORDON ANDERSON

Dallas

A HISTORY OF BUNS PRODUCED

Sir:

A salute to your X-RAY! Until your invention of this brief, handy chart, I have been known to wait till payday to buy the latest *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's*. Now I must have the new one as the first day out. I am glad you realized that statistics are a very necessary part of baseball. You completed your free magazine when you added this column.

My interest in unusual averages was stimulated by your "Buns Produced" section, so I spread out my well-worn record books and enjoyed compiling the tables for champions of the last 16 years and those with seasons over 300, although the latter may be incomplete. Perhaps other readers can add to the 390 list.

These tables will help to set a standard for good run production so that the records of such as Mantle the Masher can be compared to recent history.

JOSEPH R. MILLER

Duquesne

Saudi Arabia

RUN-PRODUCING CHAMPIONS SINCE 1940

American League

1940	Ted Williams, Boston	276
1941	Ted Williams, Boston	235
1942	Ted Williams, Boston	276
1943	Rudy York, Detroit	238
1944	Robert Johnson, Boston	232
1945	Nick Etten, New York	185
1946	Ted Williams, Boston	285
1947	Ted Williams, Boston	239
1948	Joseph DiMaggio, New York	265
1949	Ted Williams, Boston	189
1950	Wall Druggo, Boston	245
1951	Ted Williams, Boston	225
1952	Larry Doby, Cleveland	288
1953	Al Rosen, Cleveland	269
1954	Gentles Mince, Chicago	225
1955	Al Kaline, Detroit	333

National League

1940	John Mize, St. Louis	243
1941	Dolph Camill, Brooklyn	268
1942	Mal Ott, New York	251
1943	Bill Nicholson, Chicago	222
1944	Bill Nicholson, Chicago	226
1945	Thomas Holmes, Boston	242
1946	Kane Slaughter, St. Louis	230
1947	John Mize, New York	275
1948	Rue Munsell, St. Louis	288
1949	Rue Munsell, St. Louis	321
1950	Ralph Kiner, Pittsburgh	263
1951	Ralph Kiner, Pittsburgh	255
1952	Henry Bauer, Chicago	250
1953	Edwin Snider, Brooklyn	250
1954	Edwin Snider, Brooklyn	250
1955	Edwin Snider, Brooklyn	262

RUN PRODUCTION OF 300 OR MORE IN ONE SEASON

1921	Rick, New York (AL)	347
1923	Gebig, New York (AL)	347
1939	Wison, Chicago (NL)	335
1939	Klein, Philadelphia (NL)	323
1937	Gebig, New York (AL)	324
1932	Fox, Philadelphia (AL)	329
1937	Gronberg, Detroit (AL)	323
1936	Gebig, New York (AL)	323
1933	Gebig, New York (AL)	317
1928	Stoneman, Philadelphia (AL)	317
1928	Fox, Boston (AL)	314
1923	T. Williams, Boston (AL)	309
1923	Hernandez, St. Louis (NL)	295

(Note: Wison and Klein were the only National Leaguers to make more than 300 in a single season.)



Richard Mink

EMILY RACHEL PITT-RIVERS

PAT ON THE BACK

Daughter of the late Lord Forster, one of England's great yachtsmen, Mrs. Pitt-Rivers was the only lady skipper in the recent Newport-Bermuda ocean race, brought her 63-foot cutter *Foxhound* through heavy seas to finish 36th in a fleet of 88 of world's best yachtsmen. She is now sailing the 21-year-old *Foxhound* back to England via the Azores.



This is the entirely new "Wilson Staff" golf ball. In 1953, its first year, it was used to score 25 major tournament wins. If you'll hit one shot with it, you'll know this is your ball. Why, just addressing a "Wilson Staff" makes you feel professional. And if you play one regularly? . . . that magic day must come—

The day you beat your own course record

You face the short hole, knowing this is your chance. 4-wood? Too much club. 3-iron, you decide. A par here, a bogey on that last long 5 back to the clubhouse and you'll have it—your best round ever!

You tee up your "Wilson Staff." It looks pretty darn good after 16 holes. You remember this is the ball Sam Snead uses. And Gary Middlecoff and Julius Bova. Must be a long ball. You take a short breath and hit away. There's a wonderful CLACK sound. The ball rockets greenward, hitting with backspin, stops dead 12 feet from the pin.*

Moments later, you're lining up your putt. Crack your old low score? Certainly! You stroke the ball . . . peek . . . and she goes home in the back of the cup!



For the most distance on the best line with a ball that's hurry, too, insist on the all-new "Wilson Staff." You'll find its X2F-energized liquid center, its new friction-free winding and its new cover that makes room for 17 yards more live rubber thread, deliver the swiftest feel and cleanest click in golf. Better pick up a 3-pack at your pro shop before your next round.



Wilson

The Wilson name is part of the game

*Members of Wilson Advisory Staff

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago • Fastest nationwide service from 32 branch offices • (A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

Now...a slip-on with dress-up style
the Pedwin

olympic



Under that smart saddle strap and the high square-topped tongue, there's an elastic gore that stretches wide open... and you slip on this dressy shoe as easily as you would a casual. Combination grain and smooth leather in black, tampa brown, and maple. Pedwin Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

995

Other styles
\$6.95 to \$10.95
Huber Dresser Wear

Pedwin
YOUNG IDEAS IN SHOES

